REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF

FRANCE, ITALY, &c.

IN THE YEARS

1783, 1784, 1785.

By BENJAMIN HOBHOUSE,
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TROWBRIDGE:
PRINTED by T. LONG.
1796.

B L

THE following collection of letters, written when I was between 26 and 28 years of age, is not intended to be publiſhed. It is printed with the hope of affording an hour's amuſement to my friends, many of whom had requeſted me to furniſh them with copies.

After I had attentively ſurveyed the antiquities in *Rome* and it's neighborhood, I ſought the hiſtory of them in *Nardini Venuti*, and other *Italian* writers. That I availed my-

ſelf often of their aſſiſtance, I moſt readily acknowledge. Before, however, I adopted the account given by either, I examined how far it was reaſonable, and whether it correſponded with the appearance of the remains.

It is further neceſſary by way of previous information to add, that when an object is ſaid to be ſo many feet in length, breadth, or height, I made uſe of the *French* ſcale of menſuration.

B. HOBHOUSE.

HARTHAM HOUSE,
January 8th, 1796.

LETTER I.

To John Hobhouſe, Eſq. *Weſtbury*, near *Briſtol.*

Dover, October 6*th*. 1783.

HON^D. SIR.

HERE, as at every other water paſſage, you are detained to ſpend money at the Inn, and the Captain muſt alſo have more than the common fare, and be civilly treated, or he will keep you another day. This is one of the little inconveniences which can ruffle no other than a very impatient temper. If I ſhould be obliged to ſtay until to morrow, I am determined to make myſelf happy; but there ſeems no occaſion for delay. The wind, though not a ſide wind, yet as it blows at N.N.W. is not contrary.

VIVIAN, after having promiſed to be my companion if I would ſtay until monday, has at laſt diſappointed me, ſo that I left *London*, attended only by my ſervant *Rotondi*. Concerning *him* I ſhall be ſilent, for I have not yet had ſufficient trial to decide upon his character. I was obliged to ſubmit to what you predicted. His clothes were ſo bad, that I could not avoid giving him better for my own credit.

IT will be the greateſt pleaſure during my abſence to hear from you. This requeſt will not, I hope, be denied to

Your affectionate and dutiful Son

B. H.

Kindeſt regards to Mrs H, Mr. Jones, my brother, &c. &c.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

Paris, Octr. 10*th*. 1783.

HON^{D}. SIR.

BEFORE I ſpeak of my voyage, I muſt inform you of a ſcene at *Dover*, which,

which, though embarraſſing at the time, is laughable in the recollection. I travelled to that place in the ſtage coach. Our party conſiſted of a Ruſſian Tutor belonging to the Univerſity of *Peterſburgh*, who ſpoke a *little* Engliſh gained by *ſix* months ſtudy; a Piedmonteſe who had been in England two months, and could only utter a few of our moſt common curſes; an Officer in the Navy, from his profeſſion not likely to be maſter of *many* languages; and your ſon, of whoſe ſuperficial acquaintance with the French and Italian you are not ignorant. I, even I, was obliged to ſtand interpreter. To the Ruſſian Gentleman and the Engliſh Officer it was my buſineſs to explain what was ſaid by the Piedmonteſe: To the Piedmonteſe I was under the ſame neceſſity of conſtruing the Engliſh tongue. Nothing could exceed his delight when he heard a few words of Italian drop from my mouth: hitherto he had remained with his plate before him, not knowing in what manner to aſk for his dinner; but

his countenance then brightened and he became chearful. Judge how difficult this taſk muſt have proved to me; picture to yourſelf our mutual blunders, and confuſion.

Of our paſſage I ſhall ſay but little, for I was not in a condition to make much obſervation. We were upon the ſea nine hours, and during the whole time I labored under the moſt cruel ſickneſs I ever experienced. Many of the paſſengers were ill, but it was confeſſed on all hands, that none ſuffered ſo much as myſelf. We could not reach *Boulogne* before the turn of the tide, and therefore were compelled to wait until the flood for want of a ſufficient depth of water. Thus we lay within a league of ſhore for four hours. The Captain made for *Boulogne*, rather than *Calais*, becauſe the wind blew fair for that port. At nine at night I for the firſt time ſet my foot on French ground.

Yours, &c.

B H.

Remember

P. S. Remember me with kindneſs to all friends. I entreat you to keep my letters, as they may be of ſervice to refreſh my memory, after my return to England.

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LETTER III.

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To the ſame.

Paris, Octr. 14*th*. 1783.

HON^{D}. SIR.

IN my laſt letter you beheld me landed at *Boulogne*, where the people had crouded to view the paſſengers, as they ſtepped out of the veſſel. Their figures were truly *novel* to me. The men wore earrings, the women had a croſs hanging to their necks, and *all* were highly powdered. Here the female ſex exhibited ſufficient proof of the extent of their bodily ſtrength, when unimpaired by luxury, or habits of idleneſs. After the *Bureau*, *viz* the Cuſtom Houſe Officer, had gone through a *farcical* examination of the trunks (I

call it ſo, ſince the *quietus* of three *livres* cauſed him to leave every thing undiſturbed) the women in a conteſt for the porterage wreſted them out of the hands of the men, and with eaſe bore even the weightieſt to the Inn. Here they ſeated themſelves upon the immenſe burdens they had ſuſtained, and would not deliver them until their demands were ſatisfied. In this country the women perform almoſt all the laborious offices.

I WILL, in a few words, give you a deſcription of the *ſmall* French towns. The houſes are irregular, and ill built; and the high and low, being contiguous, preſent an appearance truly laughable. The ſtreets are commonly very narrow.

Many of the *larger* towns, indeed, attract notice. They are for the moſt part encompaſſed by a high wall, and a deep foſſe, and have great gates of entrance. *Montreuil* is delightfully ſituated on riſing ground, at the foot of which flows the river *Canche*. The *upper* is divided from the

the *lower* town by a large wall. The *upper* is of a circular form, and round the ramparts is a walk, planted on each ſide with trees, and commanding a moſt delightful proſpect. I could with pleaſure enlarge on *Abbeville*, *Amiens*, and *Clermont*, but the beſt deſcription can give only a faint repreſentation of them.

WITH reſpect to the Public Buildings which I met with on my route to this place, I ſhall only ſay of them in general, that they are profuſely ſplendid, and too gaudy. When I except from this account the Cathedral at *Amiens*, I do the French no honor; for this excellent piece of Gothic Architecture was conſtructed by the Engliſh.

THE face of *Picardy* is not very ſtriking to the eye, as wood is ſo ſcarce, that the fuel of the common people conſiſts wholly of turf. This province, in ſome parts varied by hill and dale, abounds in arable. The ſoil is compoſed of chalk and flint; the property of different owners is divided by *linchettes*, as they are termed in *Wiltſhire;* not an encloſure is to be ſeen.

Upon entering the *Iſle of France*, I ſaw ſome vineyards of no great extent, but I was a month too late to view them in their beauty, September being the time *de vendage*. This province has rather more paſture land, is more level, and its ſoil of a darker dye.

Between *Boulogne* and *Paris* there are but few noblemen's ſeats, nor in theſe can I diſcover any taſte. The pleaſure ground is crouded with trees cut into fantaſtical ſhapes (a faſhion once prevalent in England) and with a diſguſting profuſion of caſcades. The ſtables and manſion of the Prince of *Condè* are extremely magnificent: had the latter been placed but a little diſtance from the ſpot where it now ſtands, it would have overlooked a great ſpace of country enriched with woods, and villages.

The road from *Clermont* to *Paris* is paved in the middle, but in *Picardy* the flint renders it unneceſſary. Almoſt the whole diſtance from *Amiens* to *Paris* you travel through a ſtrait and wide avenue of elms,

or

or apple trees. Under the latter I have often ſeen a poor boy eating bread, and apples, while he entertained himſelf by jumping the figure of a dance.

"Poor and content are rich, and rich enough."

You will expect me to ſpeak of the mode of travelling in this country. Had I taken a four wheeled chaiſe, I ſhould have been obliged to pay for more horſes whether I uſed them or not, conformably to the ordinance of the king. I therefore hired a two wheeled *cabriolet* for three *Louis d'or*. It moves roughly and ſlowly. The horſes are meagre, of all colours, and of all ſizes; and the tackle, as Triſtram Shandy truly obſerves, is ever breaking, and out of order, ſo that you are frequently detained a conſiderable time. I have experienced much of the impoſition complained of by my couſin, but no inſolence except from the poſtilions. They are allowed by the *tarif* to receive five *ſous per* poſt and *no more*; but twenty, through the fooliſh extravagance of Engliſh travellers, will not content

content them. I was engaged in perpetual warfare with the French poſtilions, who, although I encreaſed my bounty, were not the leſs diſſatisfied. The attendants on your chaiſe when it is neceſſary to change horſes, are a croud of beggars, who appear the very picture of famine and miſery; *Pour charite & l'amour de Dieu* (for charity and the love of God) rings in your ears, and the heart ever feels a deſire to relieve ſuch diſtreſs, although the finances may be too limited to admit of *frequent* gratification.

You muſt want a little breathing time. I will therefore reſerve my account of this great city until my next, and ſubſcribe myſelf, with kindeſt regards to all the family,

Your affectionate Son.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To Thomas Jones Eſq. *St. Michael's Hill, Briſtol.*

Moret, Octr. 17*th*. 1783.

DEAR SIR.

I conſider every letter which I addreſs to either of the family, as open to the peruſal of all. In my laſt to my father from *Paris* I promiſed a deſcription of the French Metropolis, but fear that I ſhall diſappoint my friends in this particular, as a reſidence of ſix days would allow but a very tranſient view of the numerous objects which challenge notice.

That I might loſe no time by walking from one place to another (which, I muſt add, ſubjects you every moment to be run over) I engaged by the day, a gilt chariot at half a *Louis*, a coachman at thirty *ſous*, and a *lacquet de place* at forty. My travelling ſervant was not ſufficiently converſant with *Paris* to direct my route.

Thus

Thus equipped, I firſt waited on our Ambaſſador the Duke of Mancheſter, to whom I delivered Mr. Fox's letter of recommendation, and by whom I was politely received. He was making preparations for his departure to *Fontainbleau*, where the French King, and his court had a little while before removed, for the ſake of taking the pleaſures of the chace. As *Fontainbleau* lay in my road to *Lyons*, he preſſed me to make ſome ſtay there, "that he might have the honor of preſenting me." By way of ſtronger inducement he added that the entertainment would be very ſplendid. The King's expence at this ſeat is ſo great, that he has not been there for five years paſt. The Duke left *Paris* the ſame evening, but previouſly returned my viſit. My couſin's letter of introduction to Mr. Hammond, the ſecretary of Mr. Hartley, has proved of conſiderable ſervice to me. That gentleman honored me with the politeſt attention, and accompanied me to all the public places. We went every night either

either to the comedy, or opera. In point of ſize, neither of theſe Theatres is equal to the Engliſh, but both are ſuperior in elegance of ornament. Their repreſentation of comedy is juſt, and pleaſing; but in tragedy they "tear a paſſion to rags and tatters they out-herod Herod."

THERE are more fine public buildings than in *London*, but at the ſame time the city preſents not to my eye ſo agreeable an appearance. The ſtreets are too narrow, the houſes are of an immoderate height, and ſome of them project far beyond others. It is needleſs to enquire to whom any noble ſtructure belongs, for *au Roi* is the conſtant anſwer. The walls are covered with *arrêts*, or other badges of ſervitude. In the principal ſquares are generally ſtatues of thoſe Monarchs, who have in any manner diſtinguiſhed themſelves. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. every where claim notice. In the *place de Victoire* Louis XIV. is repreſented with four nations in chains at his feet, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, and the Engliſh. This will be a laſting monument of the unſubſtantial pride, and preſumption of France.

I paſſed

I paſſed one day at *Verſailles*, but muſt acknowledge that I was much diſappointed. My expectations had probably been too much raiſed by axaggerated accounts. The grand and extenſive front of the building beſpeaks the reſidence of a great king, but the apartments are not well furniſhed, nor are there ſo many capital paintings, as I had been taught to expect. I dined in the town, and being an Engliſhman (whom they uſually ſtile my *Lord*) paid more than a *Louis d'or* for a bad dinner. This is but one impoſition among many worſe. I ſent my ſervant to buy wine of a merchant, becauſe it could be procured cheaper than at the hotel. The *lacquet de place* reproved him for complying with my command, and told him that he ought to purchaſe it of the maſter of the hotel, in which caſe he would have received five *ſous* per bottle for himſelf. *He* had, however, honeſty enough to withſtand the temptation: I could enumerate a thouſand inſtances of a ſimilar nature. Adieu! *Yours, &c.* B. H.

LET-

LETTER V.

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To the ſame.

DEAR SIR. *Auxerre*, Octr. 18*th*. 1783.

ABBÉS are ſeen without number in the ſtreets of *Paris*. In order to gratify my deſires of viewing the inſide of a Convent I viſited ſeveral, and among the reſt, that of the *Carthuſians*. I was admitted to the apartments of one of the principal, who received me with great politeneſs and affability. His head was ſhaven, and he was clothed in the habit of his order, a looſe white dreſs. Beſides an image of a crucified Saviour which hung in both his ſmall chambers, the one contained a bed, the other a table and chair or two in the ſimpleſt taſte, together with a few books of devotion. He had a pleaſant little garden abounding with grapes, of which he gave me a bunch. His converſation turned upon the political ſtate of Europe, and

and the danger of an univerſal diſturbance through the ambition of the Empreſs of Ruſſia. Being unable to draw him to any other ſubject, I thought it fair to conclude that an entrance into an order ſequeſtered from the world diveſts, not the mind of worldy intereſts. The ſeveral friars dine together in a public hall, but eat only of vegetables. On certain days they exchange but two words "*memento mori.*" When I went into the chapel, the porter, while he was explaining the hiſtory of a painting, fell on his knees, prayed in ſilence for a minute or two, aroſe again, croſſed himſelf, and without taking any time to recollect himſelf, reſumed the narrative exactly where he left off. Is not this a ſolemn piece of mockery? You who poſſeſs the ſubſtance of religion, muſt reprobate obſervances, in which the ſoul bears no part?*

The nobility, particularly thoſe of the blood royal, may take away the life of a

* I ought to have repreſented this man's conduct as deluſion, rather than hypocriſy.

plebeian

plebeian, not only without puniſhment, but even without enquiry. A *chevalier* need only ſhew the croſs of *St. Louis*, and the riſing indignation of the vulgar is converted into extreme humility. There is, in a word, no ſtate of mediocrity in France.

THE cuſtoms and manners of a country, however diſguſting, or ridiculous they may at firſt ſight appear, are from their frequent occurrence no longer objects of peculiar notice. The men walk the ſtreets with their heads finely powdered, and their hats under their arm, and publicly kiſs each other. The women lay a thick coat of paint on their faces. Theſe, and many other things which at firſt diſpoſed my muſcles to relax, no longer cauſe the ſmalleſt emotion. How oft have I laughed on reading at almoſt every corner of the *Pont Neuf* the moſt oſtentatious advertiſement of the profeſſor's ability to ſhear dogs, while at the ſame time he diſplayed his ſkill by holding between his thighs a muzzled victim, which he clipped of his curling

locks! I am now leſs moved by ſuch a ſight, than you are by my ſtupid deſcription of it.

It muſt be a ſubject of wonder, that I have not hitherto mentioned the name of the gentleman, who gave me ſo much reaſon to expect the pleaſure of a junction at *Paris*. I am the more grieved, becauſe he was prevented by a fit of illneſs. He gives me the moſt flattering aſſurances of a tendency towards his recovery, and propoſes to meet me at *Lyons*. Filled by the pleaſing idea of ſeeing a long abſent friend, I yeſterday bade adieu to the French capital. The Duke of Mancheſter almoſt made me promiſe to call on him at *Fontainbleau*, but having no taſte for the noiſe and ſplendor of a Court, I only ſtayed there to change horſes, and purſued my route to *Moret*. I made an agreement for my ſupper, bed, &c, a practice which every traveller in France ſhould imitate, unleſs he chooſe to be fleeced of all his money; but what was my aſtoniſhment when I perceived, that the whole conſiſted of ſtewed cauli-

li-flowers made palatable with vinegar, other vegetables, and ſome fried eggs. I demanded the reaſon—the price was good, but there was nothing in return. I was anſwered that no meat was ever eaten on Friday, becauſe it was a *jour maigre*, or meager day. I ſubmitted with patience, having determined to conform to the cuſtoms of every country through which I might paſs. This day I have travelled twelve poſts only. A poſt is about ſix Engliſh miles. My route lay through *Champagne*, and part of *Burgundy*, provinces, whoſe wines are ſo highly eſteemed in *England*. *Auxerre*, from whence I date this letter, contains little curious. Situated on the banks of the *Yonne*, which is navigable for ſmall veſſels to *Paris*, it might carry on a conſiderable inland commerce: but the inhabitants make not the beſt uſe of this advantage. From *Sens* to this place the ride is extremely beautiful. Through a fertile country cultivated with corn, the river *Yonne* winds its courſe, while the neighboring hills

are covered with vineyards, in the midſt of which riſe the ſteeples of numerous churches. Villages are more thickly ſcattered where wine, than where grain is produced.* This ſcene, inſtead of deriving any glow from my pen, ſuffers from it. It muſt however be readily admitted, that moſt travellers indulge their imagination in the deſcriptive. An author, whom I was reading a few minutes before my entrance into *Sens*, informs his reader, that the river *Vanne* refreſhes the Town with its limpid waters, and by filling the foſſes renders it almoſt impregnable. This *conſiderable* river, which adds ſuch *ſtrength* to the town, is but a ſmall ſtream, and theſe clear and cooling waters, which flow through the ſtreets, are dirty, and rather conſtitute a part of the general uncleanlineſs. But this is the *trade* of writers, and reliance is rarely to be placed upon them.

* The former kind of Agriculture neceſſarily employs more hands, than the latter.

I give

I give you in a very haſty manner what I have ſeen, and what I know. Each day carries me ſtill farther from you, but as I have peſtered you with four ſheets of paper within theſe forty-eight hours, you cannot doubt that you are frequently in my thoughts. I hope you want no aſſurance how much, and how ſincerely, I am

Yours, B. H.

P. S. Duty and affection to all the family.

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LETTER VI.

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To Mrs. Hobhouſe, *Weſtbury*, near *Briſtol*.

Lyons, October 23*d*. 1783.

MY DEAR MADAM.

FROM Paris to this city there are two roads, the one through the *Bourbonnois*, the other through *Burgundy*. I had no other reaſon for prefering the latter, than that I ſaved four or five poſts in

point of diſtance. I might have been able to aſſign a better, if I had commenced this journey a month ſooner; for then is the vine harveſt, a time of general mirth and feſtivity, unleſs the expectations of produce have been blaſted by an inclement ſeaſon.

The beſt Champagne, and Burgundy which I was able to procure, coſt about ten pence Engliſh per bottle, but it is too light and thin, and not a twentieth part ſo good, as that which is to be had in England. If I recollect, Dr. Smollet rationally conjectures, that the beſt is bought up by the people of fortune for their private uſe, or preſerved for exportation. At *Arnai Le Duc* I met with a ſtroke of ill luck, worſe than that which befel Triſtram Shandy. One of the wheels of my chaiſe broke to pieces. *His* laſted until he reached *Lyons*, where he had the opportunity of purſuing his route by embarking on the *Rhone*. Had *mine* kept together until my arrival at *Chalons*, a very few poſts diſtant, I might have ſail-

ed

ed down the *Saone*. By patch work I have made it hold out to this place. The road between *Salien*, and *Arnai Le Duc*, frequently runs on the ſide of a high hill, is ſcarcely broad enough for a carriage, and at the ſame time ſo rugged, and full of holes, that there is ſome danger of a precipitate deſcent. You will not wonder therefore at the accident I have related. But it muſt be remarked that I have ſeldom had reaſon to complain of the roads.

You will obſerve that I have followed the courſe of three large rivers, the *Yonne*, the *Saone*, and the *Rhone*. As you ſometimes travel on elevated ground, the vales through which theſe rivers flow, afford the moſt beautiful appearance. Having reached the top of a lofty hill, I ſuddenly caught a view of the *Saone*, which I had loſt for a time, urging its way in ample folds through a rich vale, the village of *Tournus* riſing on the declivity of its banks. I could not in ſilence paſs over ſuch a ſcene.

At *Ville Franche*, the capital of the *Beaujolois*, I enquired into the particulars

of a brutal privilege, granted to that town by *Humbert* the fourth. I allude to the liberty which he gave the men, of beating their wives until the blood forced its way through their ſkin. Any thing ſhort of death they might lawfully inflict. The ſervant aſſured me in a whiſper that this barbarous uſage, which I ſhould have hoped time had aboliſhed, was ſtill in force; but adviſed me not to touch upon the ſubject to the inhabitants. They have alſo another very ſingular cuſtom at that place. As ſoon as the common people perceive the corn to be ripe, they go in a body, and cut it without permiſſion from the Landlord, bind it up in ſheaves, and pay themſelves by taking the tenth bundle. The proprietors of lands have endeavored to put an end to this practice, but in vain. I am with duty &c.

Your moſt affectionate

B H.

LET-

LETTER VII.

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To the ſame.

Lyons, October 25*th*, 1783.

MY DEAR MADAM,

THE charge which you once laid to my account, will not, I believe, be now applied to me. You complained that I did not write ſufficiently often: I rather expect *at preſent* to hear, that my letters are troubleſome, and occupy too much of your time. If this be the caſe, you have one revenge: throw them aſide unread, and inflict on ſtupidity the fate it deſerves.

Lyons is ſeated near the conflux of the rivers *Saone*, and *Rhone*. On the ſide of it, two mountains ornamented with Villas, Convents, Gardens, and Vineyards, form a kind of amphitheatre. However pleaſing to the eye the ſituation of this city may be, I cannot think it healthy. Placed in a vale near two large rivers, it is continually

ly enveloped in fog. The inhabitants are ſubject to thoſe large tumors in the neck, ſo common to marſhy, and low countries. I am told that they are very liable alſo to fevers.

I here both *ſee* and *feel* the effects of a milder ſun than we enjoy in *England.* Green peas are now in great abundance and conſequently cheap; roſes and violets are ſold almoſt for nothing in the ſtreets; let the price of dinner at an ordinary be never ſo low, there is always a fine deſert of fruit.

Apropos of the French diet—I readily came into *ragouts* &c, and ſoon learned to eat cheeſe, figs, grapes, and roaſted cheſnuts all together. But moſt of my countrymen hang back for a long time, which I ſuppoſe, would be the caſe with you; for the manner in which diſhesare ſerved up, is not, it muſt be confeſſed, very delicate.

You have frequently exclaimed againſt the waſhing of *London,* what would you ſay to the *clean* linen worn here? The ſhirts

ſhirts returned from the waſh, *never* look white, and are very *ſeldom* dry. I have often a view of their mode of waſhing, as I walk the quay on the banks of the *Rhone*. There are many covered lighters on the river, in theſe the waſher-women are aſſembled. They have large flat boards, againſt which they beat the linen, after having dipped it in the water: nor is it uncommon to ſee them banging it againſt the ſide of the boat.

You will be ſurpriſed that I ſhould ſtay here ſo many days. Fyler's abſence is the cauſe. He is better in health, as I am informed by a letter I found on my arrival, and will be with me in a day, or two. It is really uncomfortable to be ſo long in a ſtate of fruitleſs expectation. This delay has given me an opportunity of ſeeing all, or nearly all, the curioſities. The church of St. John, which contains the extraordinary *Horologe*, the *Hotel de Ville*, and the *Hotel de Dieu*, I have viſited. It is needleſs to deſcribe theſe, or the *Place de Belle*

Cour

Cour, or the great *Library* of the *Jeſuits*; for the account may be ſeen in the works of every modern travel writer. From the laſt, in a very warm, and clear day, I had a fine proſpect of the *Alps*, whoſe tops were covered with ſnow.

The theatre, which is ſmall, but rich, and elegant, I frequent every evening for the ſake of learning the French pronunciation, in which I found myſelf more ignorant than I imagined. I do not always underſtand what is ſaid, and as to *ſpeaking*, I attempt it with very little ſucceſs. I had not eſtimated the difference between talking French with French-men, and with our own country-men.

As ſoon as Fyler comes, we ſhall agree upon our route, of which you ſhall be adviſed.

I wrote two letters to Mr. Jones: has he received them? One I remember to have directed to T. Jones Eſqr. *Briſtol*, omitting *St: Michael's Hill*. This may have been delivered to ſome other Gentleman of that name,

name, and a part of that bundle of remarks, which I ſhould wiſh to find on my return to *Weſtbury*, may be loſt. I have alſo diſpatched ſeveral letters to my father, but have received none from any of the family either at *Paris*, or *Lyons*. I beg to be moſt kindly remembered to all, and am with the greateſt ſincerity.

Yours affectionately,

B. H.

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LETTER VIII.

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To Iſaac Hobhouſe Eſqr. Briſtol.

Marſeilles, November, 16*th*. 1783.

DEAR BROTHER.

AFTER waiting ten days at *Lyons*, I was bleſſed with the ſight of my long wiſhed for friend Mr. Fyler, who arrived there

there with two Iriſh gentlemen. We all proceeded from thence together, and adopted the *Coche d'eau*, or water machine, as our mode of travelling to *Avignon*. It had been repreſented to us, that the country on the banks of the *Rhone* would afford us great delight, that we ſhould ſail down this rapid river with great expedition, and be furniſhed with every convenience. The romantic hills on the banks of the *Rhone* exceeded the deſcription, but had I known what I ſhould have ſuffered from my water expedition, I would unqueſtionably have travelled poſt. The weather was extremely cold, the boat moved very ſlowly by reaſon of the ſhallowneſs of the river, and the Inns where we were obliged to paſs the night, were unfit for the reception of any human creature. Before I had gone half way to *Avignon*, I gave up my fare; and with the two Iriſh gentlemen who were no leſs tired of it than myſelf, landed at *Valence*. They brought with them from *England* a roomy chaiſe, and compliment-

ed

ed me with a ſeat in it. Thus we proceeded together to *Avignon*, where we were met by Fyler, who had braved every inconvenience. We allotted a day to view that town, and its environs. It is ſituated in a fertile plain on the banks of the *Rhone*, and through its ſtreets runs a dirty rivulet, named the *Sorgues*, which has its ſource in the valley of *Vaucluſe*, ſo celebrated by the famous *Petrarch*. Among the moſt remarkable things are the Cathedral church a very antient gothic ſtructure, the palace of the Vice-Legate, and a very beautiful promenade between avenues of trees on the outſide of the fortifications which encircle the town. The traveller generally feels the ſtrongeſt curioſity to viſit the tomb of *Laura*, whoſe charms inſpired the noble verſe of *Petrarch*; but nothing is to be ſeen, ſave a ſtone with an inſcription ſo effaced, that it is difficult to put together a word. This epitaph was written by *Francis* the I. one of the ableſt French monarchs. The words have been decyphered

decyphered, but are only worthy of preſervation, becauſe they were compoſed by a King. I ſhould with pleaſure have viſited *Vaucluſe*, where the ruins of *Petrarch's* manſion are to be ſeen; but it lay too much out of the route.

I MUST obſerve that I have ſeen only two fine pieces of painting ſince I left *Paris*, —the one at *Lyons*, the crucifixion of our Saviour, whoſe countenance ſtrongly expreſſes pain and the moſt patient ſuffering, a *Rubens*—the other at *Avignon* in the cathedral church before mentioned, a *Madona* by *Raphael*.

FROM *Avignon* I proceeded, in company with Fyler, to *Niſmes*. The many Roman remains which it boaſts, made me deſirous of viſiting it, although it took me conſiderably out of the road to *Marſeilles*. Long could I dwell upon the numerous antiquities with which my eyes were feaſted, but the compaſs of a letter will allow little more than a bare mention of them. Near *Remoulins*, about nine miles from *Niſmes*

is the *Pont du Gard.* An undertaking was formed, according to ſome by *Adrian,* according to others by *Agrippa,* to conduct the waters of the *Eure* near *Uſez* to the town of *Niſmes,* by means of an aqueduct twenty-ſeven miles in length. The progreſs of the work was obſtructed by two high mountains ſeparated from each other by the river *Gard.* Over this river is built the bridge, the top of which is level to the ſummits of the mountains, and makes a communication between them. On this upper part is the channel for the water, which was thus conveyed to the oppoſite ſide. I never ſaw a piece of *Tuſcan* architecture, in which ſo much lightneſs is united with ſo much ſtrength. It conſiſts of three ranks of arches one above the other, and is more than a hundred and fifty feet in height.

The ſubject of bridges reproaches me for not having before mentioned the *Pont St. Eſprit,* which croſſes the *Rhone* between *Lyons* and *Avignon.* It was built in the thir-

teenth century, is of a convex form to oppoſe the torrent with greater effect, and has ſmall apertures between the large arches to divide the force of the waves. It is three thouſand feet in length, but not wide enough for one carriage.

At *Niſmes* are the remains of an amphitheatre ſaid to have been erected by the Emperor *Adrian*. The ſeats riſing one above another round the whole interior, and communicating with galleries, which open to the air through ranks of arches, and ſerved the purpoſe of occaſional refreſhment and exerciſe for the ſpectators, afford an idea of this ſpecies of building. The Gothiciſm of the modern inhabitants has provokingly filled the *arena* with ſmall filthy houſes. In my next* I will ſpeak of the other curioſities of that place.

I am

* The account of *Niſmes* was either never completed, or loſt, and therefore I ſhall add a ſhort deſcription of the *Maiſon carrée*, an object which ought by no means to be overlooked by the curious traveller. This edifice, which is not, as its name imports, quite a ſquare, but an oblong

I am now at *Marſeilles*, where it is my intention to take up my reſidence for ſome time. The hardſhips which attend travelling in this country, have encreaſed my ſtomach complaints, which by quiet I have hopes to remove. I did not receive ſo much benefit from the ſea-ſickneſs as I expected. The thin French wines, and the waters of the *Seine* which are drunk at *Paris*, greatly diſagreed with me at firſt. The acid is as yet unconquerable. I beg to be particu-

long, is decorated with thirty fluted columns of the Corinthian order. Several of them ſupport a large portico, and give an air of magnificence to the approach: the others ſurround the outſide walls, and are partly ſhut into them. I paid a viſit of reſpect to the late ingenious *Mr. Seguier*. The numerous holes in the friſe and architrave were, in his opinion, deſigned to hold the inſcription, which, according to the practice of the Romans, conſiſted of letters in bronze faſtened to a building by nails driven through them. By applying ſuch letters as in their ſhape follow the line of the holes, he diſcovered every word. Hence the controverſy between the learned was terminated, and it was eſtabliſhed that the *Maiſon carrèe* was a temple dedicated to *Caius*, and *Lucius*, the adopted ſons of *Auguſtus*.

larly remembered to my Father, Mrs H. and Mr J. &c. and remain my dear brother,

Yours affectionately

B. H.

Pray let me hear from ſome of you, *A' la poſte reſtante à Marſeilles.*

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LETTER. IX.

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To John Freemam Eſq. *Letton-houſe, near Hereford.*

Marſeilles, 21ſt. January 1784

TRUST me, my dear friend, that although ſeparated from each other by many hundred miles, yet the affection which I have ever borne you, has ſuffered no diminution. My promiſe of writing to you I execute with the greateſt pleaſure.

THE

THE commerce of this city ſuffered greatly during the war, but it's revival is at hand. The principal trade of the *Marſilians* is to the *Levant*, for that which is carried on with the Aſiatics is ſtill inconſiderable, notwithſtanding a very heavy clog has been removed by favor of the king. Until lately no ſhips, trading between this port and the *Eaſt-Indies*, could make their voyage without touching at *Port l' Orient* to undergo an examination, and pay duties. I have in vain endeavored to furniſh you with a ſtatement of the cuſtom-houſe entries.

BUCKLES, buttons &c. are ſent from *England* to *Nice*, where the proprietors of the *feluccas* for five per cent commiſſion undertake to deliver them at *Marſeilles*. This prohibited trade is not, I am aſſured, as yet ſuſpected.

THERE are various ſpecies of manufactures, ſuch as coral, porcelaine, ſoap, ſilk, &c. The expeditious proceſs of giving

ſhape to ſo ſtubborn a ſubſtance as coral, is very curious. It is ſent in the ſhape of beads to *Africa*, where the natives put an ineſtimable value on ſuch baubles.

THE land in the environs of this city is dry and barren, ſcarce a tree is to be ſeen. The corn produced is not ſufficient to laſt a quarter of a year, ſo that grain is brought here from all parts.

THE *Baſtides*, or country houſes, are reckoned at more than ten thouſand; but the moſt elegant of them is far inferior in magnificence to thoſe we have in *England*.

THE police of *Marſeilles*, with reſpect to health, is extremely ſtrict, and proper. The laſt time that it was viſited by the plague, was in the year 1720, of which there is a beautiful painting by a perſon, who was witneſs of the horrible carnage. It was ſuppoſed to have been communicated by throwing a piece of ſmuggled goods from a veſſel into the town: in conſequence of which it is now become a capital crime to caſt on ſhore any article which has not been examined.

examined. The crews of ſhips bound to this port, perform quarantine in a place called the *Lazaret*. If they have a ſound bill of health, they remain there for twenty days: if not, for forty. I am told, however, that even thoſe poſſeſſed of a ſound bill may be obliged to ſtay a twelve-month: for their detention is from time to time extended, if others arrive who are ſuppoſed to be infected with the diſeaſe. The ſufferings of the town from ſo dreadful a viſitation, juſtify this rigor.

As to the climate, I have not found it favorable to my complaints. I have never ſuffered ſo much from my diſorder in the ſtomach, and fear that I ſhall return to *England* no better in health, than when I left it. The weather has been wet for ſix weeks almoſt without a days intermiſſion, ſo that I have been obliged to drop horſe exerciſe. This humid atmoſphere cannot be ſerviceable to nerves which have loſt their elaſticity. I am about to try the air of *Montpellier*, to which place do me the

favor to direct a line, and believe me to be on all occasions most faithfully, and affectionately *Yours*

B. H.

Let me be kindly remembered to Mrs F. and the children, all of whom are, I hope, in good health.

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LETTER X.

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To Henry Hobhouse Esq. *Clifton*, near *Bristol.*

Arles, January 22d. 1784.

DEAR COUSIN.

A FAVORABLE wind would have carried me from *Marseilles* to *Italy* in a few days; but in the present state of my health, I could not see that country in a satisfactory manner by the commencement of the summer, the time I promised my

my father to return. My preſent plan is to paſs the remainder of the winter in *Languedoc*, and then travel homewards by way of *Bourdeaux*, and the *Orleannois*.

From *Marſeilles* I went to *Toulon*. When I was two poſts diſtant from it, I learned that no perſon could enter that city after it is dark. I therefore tempted the poſtillion, by promiſe of a large gratuity, to quicken his pace. The landlord at the next poſt immediately commenced a quarrel with him for driving ſo faſt, becauſe I ſhould otherwiſe have been obliged to have ſlept at his houſe. He uſed every delay to avoid giving me horſes. My ſervant generally travelled with me in the carriage, but I now ordered a *bidet* for him, that he might gallop on before, and keep the gates open by bribery to the laſt moment. The Landlord would not produce the horſes,* and

* None but the large towns have more than one Inn authoriſed to let poſt horſes, ſo that recourſe can ſeldom be had to the *Engliſh* remedy of applying to another houſe.

expreſſed

expreſſed a hope that I might not gain admittance that night into the city. I am clear that I ſhould not have obtained them at all, had I not declared that I was employed to convey a letter of importance from *Monſieur de Pile* governor of *Marſeilles* to the governor of *Toulon*.* At length *Giovanni* ſallied forth on a paltry little horſe, ſcarcely capable of making a canter, and ſoon afterwards I followed. The poſtillion, having received private orders from his maſter, could not be perſuaded to put his horſes upon a trot. Before I had gone half way, I diſcovered poor *Giovanni* on foot hobbling: thrice had he fallen from his horſe, the conſequence of which was, that he was afterwards confined to his bed with a fever, and ſprained ancle. The carriage, in which I took this journey, had a low box on the

* I am aſhamed that I ſhould ever have thought of employing artifice, or of tempting others to depart from the line of their duty; a reflecting mind muſt hold every ſpecies of inſincerity and venality in the greateſt abhorrence,

outſide;

outſide; there I placed him, and made him with his whip laſh the Poſtillion's horſe. Thus, in ſpite of every impediment, my purpoſe was accompliſhed. I was, however, ſo near being too late, that the officer reproved the ſoldier on duty for not having ſhut the gates before, ſince he could not ſee the gentleman's face. Many other circumſtances not leſs provoking have I encountered.

Toulon, a ſtrongly fortified town, is ſituated on the coaſt of the *Mediterranean* ſea, and ſcreened to the north by very high mountains. The houſes are not ill built--the ſtreets are too narrow. The greatobject of attention is the arſenal, which the governor politely permitted me to ſee. Every article which may be wanted, is depoſited in its reſpective magazine: indeed the whole buſineſs is conducted with the greateſt regularity. The rope yard is 1100 feet in length.

I took a ride to *Hieres*, a village containing in itſelf nothing beautiful, but celebrated for its orange-groves. I was there on the 17th. of December, and ſaw the trees covered

covered with ripe oranges, which the countrymen were employed in gathering. In different parts of the grove were pits, in which they buried the rotten fruit. This practice is not only a ready removal of an incumbrance, but ſerves alſo to enrich the ground. Mrs. Fy's orangery produces a rent of £1600. ſterling per annum, the king's £1000. I returned to *Toulon* the ſame evening, where I ſtayed a day; and then re-trod my ſteps to *Marſeilles* for the purpoſe of taking up my luggage, which I had left behind becauſe the roads at this time of the year are ſo ſhocking. I ſtaid there only a few hours to conſult Dr. G. relative to the ſtate of my health.

Let me entreat you to preſent my kind compliments and thanks to Mr. C. for his letter of introduction to this worthy gentleman, who, I am ſorry to ſay, cannot poſſibly recover. It grieves me to think of the ſtate in which I left him. What has *befallen* me ſince my departure from *Marſeilles*

ſeilles, I ſhall relate in a letter to my father. Adieu!

Affectionately yours,

B. H.

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LETTER XI.

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To John Hobhouſe Eſqr.

Montpellier, January 27*th*. 1784.

IN my journey to this city, I avoided the route of *Aix* which I had before travelled, and went by way of *Arles*, to which there is no poſt road. In that caſe you agree with a perſon to carry you within a ſtipulated time to the place of your deſtination. Having made ſuch a contract I ſet off from *Marſeilles* in an open carriage on the 20*th*. of this month, accompanied by Fyler; but we ſoon repented of taking this croſs-country road. We traverſed

traverſed ſeveral mountains, where ſcarce a tract could be ſeen. For our ſafety we thought proper to walk, but this I was ſoon obliged to give up, for I abſolutely could not ſtand againſt the wind, which blew directly in my face, and was more cutting than any I ever experienced in *England*. The alternative was to ſit in the carriage, and take the riſque of being overturned. This lot was mine; my friend in health continued to uſe his feet. Even the driver, accuſtomed to all weather from his trade, was over-come by the exceſſive cold, and confeſſed that he ſhould have fainted, had it not been for the aſſiſtance of ſome brandy, which we procured at a little hovel. We ſtaid there a ſhort time, and over-heard an ill looking fellow by the fire ſide relate a ſtory of his having been robbed and ſtripped a few nights ago. We purſued our journey, the night began to grow upon us, and of courſe the cold increaſed. Ideas of loſing our way and remaining until morning on the mountains, were the leaſt

alarming

alarming of thoſe which agitated our minds. *My* ſervant went behind the carriage, Fyler's, who was on horſe-back, having loſt ſight of us miſſed his road, and we ſaw no more of him until the next day. On aſking the driver whether he were acquainted with his way, he told me, in a ſurly manner, that he knew nothing about it. This anſwer ſuggeſted ſuſpicions that he might be in league with robbers, and the man in the chimney corner paſſed not without remarks. What was to be done? Our party was reduced—we had unfortunately diſcharged the muſquatoon in the morning, leſt it ſhould accidentally go off, and were not in poſſeſſion of any powder—we had touched nothing ſince breakfaſt, and had no proviſions with us—we were wrapt in darkneſs, and periſhing with cold. We graſped our ſwords, the only arms we had; and after remaining about an hour thus anxious, and thus prepared for defence, we deſcryed a light at ſome diſtance. Conceive, if you can, our unſpeakable ſatisfaction: we had

had found a clue to our labyrinth, we purſued it, and were led to a little village,* where we were informed that no *carriage* had ever attempted the road we had paſſed. No fare was hard after a happy eſcape from ſo many dangers and difficulties. We ſlept there, and the next morning, the weather having abated nothing of its ſeverity, we croſſed the plain *de la Crau*, a dreary heath of great extent. The driver went above three miles out of his way, and on returning to it overſet us. Through the mercy of heaven neither of us ſuffered any material injury. *I* was compelled by the ſtate of my health to reſume my ſeat, and ſubmit to all hazards, which indeed proved very numerous; but *Fyler* determined to walk to

* With difficulty could we prevail on any one to receive us. F. ſpoke French very well, but the door was ſtill ſhut againſt us. *Rotondi* explained our miſerable ſituation in Italian, but with no better ſucceſs At laſt we met with a perſon who interpreted our wants in *Patois*, a mixture both of French and Italian ſpoken by the common people in thoſe parts.

the

the village of *St. Martin* ſix miles diſtant. There we were joined by his ſervant. Armed with a cutlaſs, and on that account of ſuſpicious appearance, in vain had he ſolicited a lodging the night before, and was at laſt compelled to ſhelter himſelf and horſe until morning in ſome out-houſe. We left *St. Martin* the next day, and made a *ſuperb* entry into *Arles*, Fyler on his ſervant's horſe, and I on the driver's clad in all his harneſs. The chains, which ſerved for traces, proclaimed our approach by their noiſe. We took this ſtep, having formed a reſolution no longer to truſt ourſelves in the hands of ſuch a wretch.* To add to my troubles, a violent diarrhea, which attacked me at *Marſeilles* and had, I thought, taken its leave, again made its appearance. The effects of this journey will not ſoon, or eaſily be removed. F, a healthy and robuſt

* He was not, I believe, diſhoneſt, but careleſs. In ſpite of every thing we could ſay, he uſed to ſtay behind, and leave to his horſes the choice of their own way, and pace. When they began to ſaunter, he hurled ſmall ſtones at them, and this occaſioned our overthrow.

young man, has ever ſince been troubled with a dreadful cough. I will admit that the undertaking was not very prudent. Our information was bad: had there been no other way of reaching *Arles*, I would rather have never ſeen the many noble monumnts of Roman grandeur which it contains, than purchaſe this gratification of taſte at ſo dear a rate. My friend and fellow ſufferer, deſires his compliments. I am, with duty and love to all,

Your affectionate Son

B. H.

P. S. I thank you, Mr. J. and Mrs. H. for your letters, and wiſh the family a return of many happy years.

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LETTER XII.

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To the ſame.

Montpellier, February *1ſt.* 1784.

HON^D. SIR.

AT *Arles* are the remains of an amphitheatre evidently conſtructed by the

Romans

Romans. It is larger than that at *Niſmes*, but being much more ancient, is not in ſuch good preſervation. The dens in which the beaſts were kept, and the whole circle of the building are complete at *Niſmes*, but ſcarcely diſcernible at *Arles*. It is unneceſſary to inform you, that the amphitheatre was the place of public entertainment, where the Romans aſſembled to view their ſports, which were frequently of a brutal nature. There the criminals were obliged to contend with wild beaſts, for the diverſion of the ſpectators.

In the reign of *Louis* the XIV an obeliſk was accidentally found in digging the earth. The people of *Arles* availed themſelves of the opportunity to compliment that great monarch. He is repreſented by the figure of the ſun, and the arms of *France* are ſubjoined. Few parts of the kingdom are without ſome mark or other of the high eſteem, in which that prince was held.

VASES, urns, capitals of Roman pillars &c. &c. abound. In a private houſe is an ancient cornice for which Lord Shelburne offered a conſiderable ſum. Our *Ciceroni*, adorned with a bag and laced coat, occupied us a whole morning, during which time he ſhewed us many things unworthy of attention, and made many obſervations deſerving of ridicule. He was the moſt ſtupid of the profeſſion.

FROM *Arles* we ſet off for *Niſmes*, which lay in our road to this place. If I recollect, I have already given you an account of *Niſmes*, the moſt agreeable town in *France*: but I have ſome notion that I left it imperfect. Be ſo good to hint to me what I have noticed, and if any thing be omitted, I will ſupply the deficiency.

LET me not forget to tell you that at a little village in *Languedoc* I was no leſs fortunate, than Mr. Shandy. A number of country girls, uniformly dreſſed, were employed in dancing to the muſic of the *tambourin* beaten by a woman, who accompanied

panied it with her voice. I alighted, and though very, very *ill*, accepted a propoſal from one of them to take me for a partner. What was my aſtoniſhment, when ſhe expreſſed a wiſh that I ſhould dance a *minuet!* This performance, which you muſt not ſuppoſe to be ſtrictly regular, was followed by a country dance. My modeſt friend could not be prevailed upon to exhibit himſelf at all upon this occaſion. O God! how much was I ſtruck by the ſimplicity, and apparently unalloyed happineſs of theſe villagers! Their lot is, I think, to be envied.

I ſhall reſide here ſome time: As travelling in *open* vehicles has well nigh coſt me my life, I propoſe, before I depart, to purchaſe a *cloſe* two wheeled carriage, which I can ſell to *Monſieur Deſſein* at *Calais*. This plan is in the end cheaper than to hire from place to place, the expence of which is very great.* Hence I

* It is not, as with us; the poſt-maſters ſupply horſes only.

ſhall be obliged to advance ſome money, and therefore muſt requeſt if convenient, a remittance. Goſling may ſend it to me in Sir Robert Herries's bills, directed *à la poſte reſtante à Montpellier*. Experience teaches me that I loſe leſs by this method, than by letters of credit.

I have but juſt room to inform you, that I begin to recover the conſequences of my horrible journey to *Arles*, and that, with love to all the family, I am

Your dutiful & affectionate Son

B. H.

.....

LETTER XIII.

.....

To Iſaac Hobhouſe Eſqr. *Weſtbury, Briſtol.*

Montpellier, March 4*th*. 1784

DEAR BROTHER.

I THANK you moſt kindly for your letter, and gladly ſend you an account of the weather during the winter. When

When my Phyſicians in *England* adviſed me to ride conſtantly on horſeback, they could not foreſee the ſeaſon, which, according to all the inhabitants, has been ſo uncommon that they never recollect the like. For the two months I ſpent at *Marſeilles*, it poured almoſt every day. It was the ſame *here*, in every other part of the South of *France*, and alſo at *Nice*. Since my arrival we have had a great deal of froſt and ſnow, and as the cold, which has been more acute than I ever felt at home, frequently ſucceeds a very warm day, I doubt whether the climate be ſo good for invalids, as is pretended. When I inform you that the weather begins to mend, I am unfortunately obliged to give you the authority of others; for ſince the ſevere attack on the *5th.* of February* I have

* There is a long interval between the dates of the letters at this period. I know not whether to attribute it to the miſcarriage of the poſt, or to the incapacity of writing brought on by my illneſs, or to both cauſes.

been a priſoner to my chamber, and a great part of the time to my bed. For ſome days I had no return of fever, which made me think that the enemy was diſpoſeſſed of his quarters. Three days ago he made himſelf maſter of his old habitation, and has ever ſince continued to harraſs me a little in the evening. He has not the ſame force as before, and it is hoped that the *powder* of bark will deſtroy him ſpeedily. Would you believe that no good bark is to be found in this great univerſity? I have for ſome time been conſuming the ounce and a half of red which I brought from *England*, and unleſs I can prevail on Mr. Ireland to ſpare me ſome, I ſhall be diſtreſſed.

Had I ſtrength and ſpirits, I could tell you many ridiculous things relative to the practice of phyſic in this place; but I muſt be brief.

I cannot, without great concern, return an anſwer to your inquiries reſpecting the health of Dr. G. I have lately received an affectionate

affectionate letter from him, in which he thanks me for my civilities, and takes his *laſt* leave of me. Remember me to all. I wiſh them every bleſſing.

Yours, &c. *

B. H.

.....

LETTER XIV.

.....

To the ſame.

Montpellier, April, 22*d.* 1784

LET me aſſure you, my dear brother, that your letters afford me the higheſt gratification. I make no doubt that *mine* have the ſame effect upon you. This, however, will be ſhort, and little worth your acceptance. It is with dif-

* In this letter I have inſerted the only material part of two others, the one dated *Montpellier* the 14th. of March, the other from the ſame place the 25th. They contain little beſides a repetition of my ſufferings. The next may afford ſome pleaſure to my friends, by ſhewing that affliction produced its proper influence upon my mind.

ficulty

ficulty I hold my pen, but I would not by longer ſilence give alarm to the family. I have lately had another very dangerous attack of the ſame fever, which evidently appears to proceed from obſtruction in the biliary ducts. Emetics &c. have been tried in vain. My pains are ſevere. and almoſt without intermiſſion. After a confinement of more than two months, I am very little better than at firſt. My Phyſician, an Engliſh Gentleman whom good fortune threw in my way, yeſterday told me that unleſs ſome important change ſhould ſoon take place, my life was not worth three months. His hopes are, that the waters of *Balaruc* which have reſtored his brother in law under a bilious diſorder, may be equally efficacious in *my* caſe. Owing to the backwardneſs of the ſeaſon, we cannot go there until the beginning of May.*

* The Phyſician to whom I allude, is Dr. PUGH, of *Mitford Caſtle*, near *Bath*. As he was *then* inſtrumental in ſaving my life, ſo he is *now* in promoting my happineſs by the warmth and conſtancy of his friendſhip.

I think

I think you muſt admit that I ſuſtain no inconſiderable trial. I have even yet "many drops of patience in my ſoul:" but ſo many would not probably have remained, had I not endeavored to turn this lingering diſorder to that account, for which it may have been intended by the Supreme Being. I direct my thoughts to a ſtate more durable than this world, and labor to purify myſelf from all earthly droſs. However afflicted my body may be, I retain a mind at eaſe, and death appears not a king of terrors. Should it pleaſe heaven, I ſhall have the happineſs of ſeeing you in the ſummer. Let us hope for the beſt, at the ſame time that we do not fear the worſt. Adieu!

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XV.

.....

To Thomas Jones Eſq.

Balaruc, near *Cette*, May, 26th, 1784

MY DEAR SIR.

I WILL endeavor to rally my ſpirits, which are not a little dejected, both by reaſon of a return of my complaints, and the loſs of my friend, Dr. Pugh, who ſet off for *England* on Sunday laſt. Although I was ſo long at *Montpellier*, the ſtate of my health would not permit me to examine that city, and its environs, as much as I could wiſh. Previous to my departure I devoted, however, two days to that purpoſe.

Montpellier is ſituated on the declivity of a little hill, ſix miles diſtant from the *Mediterranean*. It ranks next to *Toulouſe*, the capital of the province, and contains 38,000 ſouls. In the narrowneſs of the ſtreets and the height of the houſes, it reſembles

ſembles the other towns of *France*, not excepting the capital. It's manufactures are but few. The principal are ſilk ſtockings, and verdigriſe; for the latter of which it has obtained great renown. The air is ſaid to be peculiarly efficacious in preparing it. This commodity, as well as wine, is ſent by the canal to *Cette*, a ſmall town on the coaſt of the *Mediterranean*.

THE majority of inhabitants conſiſts of confectioners, who prepare and ſell *capillaire*, *orgeat*, diſtilled liquors &c, and of the members of the Univerſity. The lectures, unlike to thoſe at *Oxford*, or *Cambridge*, are open to all, without exacting the ſmalleſt ſum: hence the ſtudents in medicine are very numerous, and frequently belong to the loweſt claſs of people. The ſame perſon is often a hair-dreſſer, and ſurgeon. Whilſt he is qualifying himſelf for the *profeſſion*, he ſupports himſelf by the *trade*. One of theſe gentlemen begged that he might ſhave me *inſtantly*, for in ten

ten minutes he was under the neceſſity of attending a lecture on the action of the human heart. So laudable a thirſt of knowledge was entitled to the favor which he requeſted.

It is inconteſtible, but from what cauſe I know not, that the *phyſicians* of this celebrated Univerſity know nothing of the management of acute diſorders. I have heard Dr. Pugh cite many inſtances in proof of it, but I will not tire you by the detail. Bleeding and glyſters are their *Panaceas:* but ſhould they ever be ſo *raſh* as to order a drug, it is in ſuch ſmall doſes as to render it uſeleſs. A little while ago four of them directed, after a very long conſultation, that a patient, who lay dangerouſly ill, ſhould take four doſes of bark *per* day, and that each doſe ſhould contain four grains. Could Engliſh practitioners, who frequently give it by drams, refrain from laughter? For my own part let the diſeaſe, rather than the preſcription, bring me to my end.

It

It is ſcarcely conceivable how violently the *mania* of offering medical advice rages among all ranks. You can talk of nothing, but you are interrupted by the proper treatment of a diſorder: you can have no complaint for which they know not a ſpecific. If your contempt ſuffer you to break ſilence, and you demand what the ſovereign ſpecific may be, you will ever find it to be a decoction of *endive*, or ſome other innocent herb. There is indeed nothing more natural, than that the converſation of a whole town ſhould receive a tincture from the reigning profeſſion. Thus, as I am credibly informed, even the ladies at *Toulouſe* will diſcourſe on matters of law, and ſuggeſt inſtructions for the conduct of a ſuit. To account for this I ſhould have told you, that the Parliament of the province holds its courts in that city for the adminiſtration of juſtice.

HAVING drawn a ſketch of *Montpellier* and its inhabitants, I bid you adieu for the preſent, and ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XVI.*

.....

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR.

THE environs of *Montpellier* are truly delightful, and afford many agreeable walks, and rides. The *place de Peyrou* exceeds in its kind every thing in this kingdom, if not in *Europe*. It is ſituated on a hill near the city, and conſiſts of two terraces, one above the other.

LET me firſt ſpeak of the *upper*—The *Alps* to the Eaſt-ward, and the *Pyrenees* to the South-weſt, both 150 miles diſtant, are to be ſeen on a clear day. To the South is the boundleſs expanſe of the *Mediterranean*, and to the north are the *Cevennes* mountains. In the middle is an equeſtrian ſtatue of *Louis* the XIV, not unlike to that of William the III in Queen's ſquare *Briſtol:* and at the four corners are pedeſtals

* This letter has no date, but it appears from the ſubject to be properly placed.

for

for ſtatues, but none are yet placed, except thoſe of the great generals, *Condè*, and *Turenne*.

The lower terrace is planted with trees, and ſupplied with ice-houſes always open in the ſummer. To fill up the deficiencies of this deſcription, I refer you to the plan which I ſent you in a box of books from *Cette*.

The Eſplanade, and King's garden are, likewiſe, pleaſant walks; but the latter, having moſt ſhade, is beſt calculated for the ſummer. It was laid out in the ſixteenth century, and formed by the King, at requeſt of the chancellor of the Univerſity, for the benefit of the ſtudents in the phyſical line. There was once a good collection of exotics, but few are now remaining: lectures on botany were formerly read, but that *troubleſome* practice is now grown into diſuſe. The income of a certain fund is appropriated to keep this garden in order, but it is either dormant, or (what is more probable) converted to an-

other uſe. I was aſſured by the gardener, that for the laſt ſeven years the ſmalleſt reparation had not been made.

At a few miles diſtant from the city are ſcattered the country houſes of the opulent gentry, who ſeem to have no idea that ornament may derive beauty from the contraſt of ſimplicity. A clumſy ſplendor reigns within, and without.

Nor is more taſte diſplayed in their gardens. In a hot and dry country, pleaſure ground *peculiarly* demands ſhade and water; but why muſt trees repreſent peacocks, or every ſtep lead to a baſon, which throws its water through ſeveral ſpouts into the air? To improve the appearance, without violating the order of nature is a rule unattended to in *France*. The lawns of *Hagley*, and the woods of *Percefield* have no rivals here.

As very little rain falls in this climate, neceſſity has given birth to an ingenious contrivance. The kitchen garden is made upon

upon a gentle declivity, at the higher end of which is a pond conſtantly ſupplied by a ſpring. Cloſe to this pond is a mill, turned either by a horſe, or mule. The wheel has on the outſide of it's circumference many ſmall boxes, which deſcending with their mouths directed to the ſurface of the water, fill as the wheel riſes upward, and empty themſelves, as it goes downward, into a large tray, from whence ſmall channels conduct the ſtreams over the whole extent. A man watches the courſe of the water, and either removes its obſtructions, or bays it up in thoſe parts, where he is deſirous that the earth ſhould abſorb it in quantities. This taſk is performed every morning, or evening, unleſs it be rendered unneceſſary (a caſe which ſeldom happens) by the fall of a ſhower. An hour's labor is ſufficient to completely water an acre.

HAVE the goodneſs to inform me whether my father's health be improved.

Remember me to all friends, and believe me.

Ever yours, &c.

B. H.

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LETTER XVII.

.....

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR.

Vigan, in *Languedoc*, July 1ſt. 1784.

THE ſubject of this letter ſhall be the antiquities in, and about *Montpellier*.

ON a ſmall iſland in the *Mediterranean* are the ruins of a cathedral. This is the only veſtige of ancient *Maguelonne*, which appears from the itinerary of *Antoninus* to have been one of the greateſt cities of *Gallia Narbonenſis*. However uncertain its

its origin may be, the date of its deſtruction may be clearly aſcertained. In the eighth century *Charles Martel* razed it to the ground, becauſe it afforded a place of retreat to his enemies, the *Saracens*. The fatal ſentence was extended to *Niſmes* with an exception to the amphitheatre, which, luckily for the antiquarian was exempted from the general ravage. The biſhop and clergy of *Maguelonne*, after the overthrow of their city, removed to *Sextatio*, now *Subſtantion* but ſoon quitted it on account of the badneſs of the air, and laid the foundation of *Montpellier*.

At *Subſtantion*, four miles and a half from *Montpellier*, are a Roman bridge, and many Roman tombs with latin inſcriptions, ſome of which are worthy notice. I have made a memorandum of one, or two of them. Between *Niſmes* and *Subſtantion* there is a Roman road, in latin termed *via monetæ*, in french *le chemin de la monoye*, and in the *patois* of this country *l'on camin de la monede*.

The literal meaning in Engliſh is the road of money. It is conjectured to have been ſo called, becauſe the treaſure was carried that way: but *Bergier* in his hiſtory of Roman roads gives it as his opinion, that the original name was *via munita*, or fortified way, becauſe it was fortified, perhaps, by ſmall towers from ſpace to ſpace, ſuch as are ſtill exiſting, though in ruins, on the road from *Viterbo* to *Rome*, and on the *Appian* way from *Rome* to *Naples*.

You muſt have remarked that I met with but few, if any Roman remains, until I reached *Provence* and *Languedoc;* but that in thoſe provinces they abound. The reaſon of this difference may be eaſily aſſigned. *Provence* and *Languedoc*, lying nearer to the ſeat of the Roman empire, were conquered by that aſpiring people ſixty two years before the other parts of *Gaul*. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that delighted with their firſt conqueſts, they ſhould employ themſelves in raiſing temples, amphitheatres, and other monuments

monuments of ſo valuable an acquiſition of territory. The firſt expedition of the Romans into *Gaul* was, if I rightly remember, conducted by the conſul *Fulvius Flaccus* 124 years before the birth of Chriſt, upon the invitation of their allies, the people of *Marſeilles*. To him ſucceeded *Sextius Domitianus Calvius*, who defeated the *Saliens*, and made himſelf maſter of *Provence*. He built *Aix*, and called it *Aquæ Sextiæ* from his own name, and the baths which he found there. *Quintus Fabius Maximus*, having three years afterwards defeated *Bituit* King of the *Auvergnats* on the banks of the *Rhone*, entered into *Languedoc*, and took poſſeſſion of *Narbonne*, to ſecure which place, the ſenate, according to *Velleius Paterculus*, ſtationed there the 10*th*. legion. Thus *Fabius* completed the work began by *Fulvius*, and *Sextius*, and ſubjected to the Roman arms that part of *Gaul* neareſt to *Italy*. The other part was ſubdued, ſixty-two years after the victories which *Fabius* obtained, by *Julius Cæſar*, who em-

ployed ten years in the accompliſhment of the enterpriſe. You will probably wiſh me to cloſe this hiſtorical narrative, and therefore I ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours, &c.

B. H.

Give my duty and love to all. I am pleaſed to hear that my father's diſorder begins to abate.

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LETTER. XVIII.

.....

To the ſame.

Vigan, July 12th. 1784.

DEAR SIR.

BALARUC, however inconſiderable and ruinous at preſent, appears from many traces to have been a place of ſome note

note amongſt the Romans. A part of the cauſe-way between the town and baths (which are about a mile diſtant from each other) ſtill exiſts. Many medals, and old coins, together with a piece of teſſellated pavement, have been found. In trenching the garden of the proprietor of the baths, was diſcovered a ſmall ſtatue of *Mercury* in *bronze*. I was aſſured by him that it is entire, and bears the little cap, the winged feet, and every other mark which belongs to the meſſenger of *Jupiter*. It was preſented to a Gentleman who lives, I believe, at *Rome*, and is in poſſeſſion of a large cabinet of antiquities. At *Beziers*, twenty-four miles from *Balaruc*, I ſaw, near the Inn, the remains of a ſmall amphitheatre; but after thoſe at *Arles* and *Niſmes* it deſerves not to be mentioned. I ſhall hereafter relate my expedition to *Beziers*: for the preſent it is my intention to confine myſelf to *Balaruc*.

In a former letter I acquainted you with my intention of going there for the ſake of trying

trying the waters which are ſaid to poſſeſs ſo many virtues. The ſtrata of earth through which they paſs, contain a portion of ſulphur, and other combuſtibles. In my walks I picked up pieces of *lava*, and burnt ſtones; and the people of the country informed me that in remote times there had been a volcano. Hence the heat of the waters, which, in warm weather, is at forty-two degrees of *Reamur's* thermometer.* To render them of a proper temperature for bathing, they are lowered, not however by common water which might take away from the medicinal virtues, but by waters from the ſpring, drawn the preceeding evening, and ſuffered to grow cold. The higheſt point at which I bathed, was thirty. Dr. PUGH hoped that it might contribute to open the pores, and promote a free perſpiration. The firſt trial produced no effect, the other four anſwered the end propoſed. Many

* 42 degrees of *Reaumur's* thermometer are nearly 130 upon *Fahrenheit's* ſcale.

par-

paralytics have bathed at thirty-five degrees. It is cuſtomary alſo to uſe the waters *internally*. The *moderate* doſe is from ſix to nine pounds. They are cathartic, and commonly ſo gentle as to produce no griping pains, a happineſs I did not experience in my own caſe. If I be aſked whether I have received benefit from the uſe of them, my anſwer is an unqualified negative; nor did I ſee any *bilious* diſorder in which they were more ſucceſsful. But in palſies they appear to have been eminently beneficial. Dr. PUGH, on his return to *England*, will preſent the public with a liſt of the cures which have fallen under his obſervation.

NEITHER the air, or accomodation of *Balaruc* can contribute much to health, unleſs indeed to deſtroy it. It is ſituated in a flat undrained country, by the ſide of a great *etang*, or lake. The atmoſphere, thus empoiſoned, breeds agues, and intermittent fevers, which I remarked to be common among the inhabitants. The houſes are old and ruinous, and the chambers

bers full of filth and vermin. Fleas ſwarm in all of them, and the ſtranger has great reaſon to felicitate himſelf, if theſe be his only company; for in general he muſt chum with bugs and ſcorpions. The bite of the latter is poiſonous, but the ſame animal furniſhes an antidote. If you cannot kill him on the ſpot while he is inflicting the wound, in which caſe his blood is a cure; you apply ſome oil, in which one of them has been ſteeped for ſeveral days. But it is neceſſary to add that I never had a proof of the efficacy of theſe preſcriptions.

THE ſoil is ſo arid as to produce but little nouriſhment for trees. No ſhady walk affords defence againſt the ſultry ſuns of theſe ſouthern regions.

To ſettle myſelf during the ſummer months where I might have the benefit of walking exerciſe, without expoſing myſelf to thoſe dangerous fevers which are ſuddenly brought on by a *coup de ſoleil*, I have, by Dr. PUGH's advice, removed to this place. I am at preſent confined by a

return

return of my complaints. How happy am I that my father is ſufficiently recovered to mount his horſe! Remember me to him, &c and believe me.

Ever yours

B. H.

.....

LETTER XIX.

.....

To the ſame.

DEAR SIR.

AT *Balaruc* among the other invalids was a gentleman from *Marſeilles*, who had lately been ſeized with the palſy. He was accompanied by his wife and nephew. The latter propoſed to join me in a trip to the royal canal. As this was one of the expeditions I had before intended, I gladly accepted his offer. He was rather of a diſputatious turn, and inclined to wreſt every

every thing in favor of the *grand Monarque*, with whom other princes could not ſtand in compariſon. Barring this *petit defaut*, he was an agreeable and accomodating companion. We took boat at *Balaruc*, and ſailing upon the lake with a fair wind, ſhortly arrived at *Agde*, about four leagues diſtant. The minds of the people at that place were totally occupied by the undertaking of *Monſieur Gronchart*, who has raiſed his name ſo high by the improvement of the port at *Toulon*. To accompliſh the ſame object at *Agde*, he has conſtructed curious cheſts, whoſe outſide is defended againſt the influx of the water, after the ſame manner as a ſhips bottom. Within are ſeveral ſquare pillars of wood, which are hollow, and have one end above, and the other below the cheſt. The other parts are filled with mud, ſtones &c, and the cover is then fixed. The cheſt ſinks by its weight, and is made ſtable by driving through the hollow pillars large poles correſponding in ſize with the bore. Theſe

cheſts

cheſts, which ſhut one into the other, and form a compact whole, ſupply the foundation for the neceſſary buildings. I know not whether I have made myſelf underſtood: if I have given you but a feeble idea of the deſign, I am ſatisfied. As *Gronchart* has ſucceeded ſo well at *Toulon*, where the wave of the *Mediterranean* is forcible, it is imagined that he cannot fail at *Agde*, where he has a river only to oppoſe him. The merchants aſſert, that when the entrance to their harbour is rendered commodious, they ſhall become maſters of the trade between *Languedoc* and *Provence*. But the people of *Cette*, who now engroſs it, contend that *Gronchart* himſelf cannot make the port of *Agde* equal to theirs.

THE lake which we had traverſed, opens at one end into the *Mediterranean*, and at the other is joined near *Agde* by the royal canal, which extends from thence, through a very unequal country, to *Toulouſe*, a diſtance of 180 miles. There the goods are embarked

embarked on the *Garonne*, which empties itſelf into the weſtern ocean near to *Bourdeaux*. The great reſervoir at *St. Ferrol*, by which the canal is conſtantly provided with water, is itſelf ſupplied by three rivers. The voyage to *Toulouſe* is performed in two days and a half, and the freight is very inconſiderable.

This noble project, eſtabliſhing an inland communication between the *Mediterranean* and the *Atlantic*, will immortalize the memory of Louis XIV*. I know not what foundation there is for the account that the Romans had a wiſh to execute the ſame plan, but were terrified by the difficulties.

Of the manner in which veſſels are made to aſcend mountains I have forborne to ſpeak, becauſe it is effected by ſluices on the ſame principle, as at *Stourbridge* in *Worceſterſhire*. Near *Beziers* are nine of them riſing one above another. That town

* I rather think that the merit of the deſign belongs not to the King, but to one *Paul Riquet*

is

is ſituated upon a hill, and commands, from the terrace or *Belvidere*, a beautiful view of the river *Orbe* meandring through a rich valley circumſcribed by mountains.

We were abſent but two days. The firſt night we ſlept at *Beziers*: the next morning we purſued the banks of the canal on horſeback as far as the *montagne percèe*,* and returned to *Beziers* to breakfaſt; from thence we went to *Agde* to dinner, and by night were again at *Balaruc*. I found my account in ſuffering the Frenchman to manage upon the road, for he was too well acquainted with the cuſtomary charges, to put up with the leaſt impoſition.

Sincerely & affectionately yours,

B. H.

* A mountain which is perforated to make a paſſage for the water of the canal.

LETTER. XX.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq, *Weſtbury*, near *Briſtol.*

Vigan, July 24th. 1784.

HON^D. SIR.

THIS little place is dirty, and ill-built; but being the reſort of many genteel families during the ſummer months, has a few handſome, and well furniſhed houſes. It is incloſed by mountains truly bold and romantic, one riſing above another to an height, which the dilated eye cannot meaſure without difficulty. *Some* are cultivated by the hand of induſtry to the very ſummit; and on their ſides are gentlemen's ſeats adorned with hanging gardens, and villages offering themſelves to full view among vineyards, or partly concealed among thick groves of cheſnut trees, or olives. In thoſe

thoſe ſhades I frequently wander, and indulge free thought. *Others*, incapable of improvement, retain the rude, but majeſtic form of nature, and are crowned by maſſy crags in the form of battlements &c. &c. How ſtrikingly pleaſing is this contraſt! In the vallies runs a river, which though peaceful in its courſe at this ſeaſon of the year, becomes in the winter a roaring torrent. Aſſemble, my dear Sir, theſe objects in your imagination, then add to the ſcene the ſilver rays of the moon in her full orb, which piercing through the trees dance on the ſurface of the ſtream beneath; and let fancy afterwards exert her full force to gain, if poſſible, an idea of more picturesque imagery. This is not merely the account of one *choſen* ſpot. The *Cevennes*, being a long chain of mountains, abound in beauties of the ſame kind. The admirers of nature may here gratify their taſte to the full.

I HAVE made ſeveral little expeditions further up into the country. One of them,

in which I was accompanied by two Engliſh ladies, daughters of Dr. C. of *Bath*, merits a detail. We had been informed that there was, about nine miles diſtant, a curious cavern of an immenſe ſize. I would fain have walked, but the ladies inſiſted that I ſhould hire an aſs, and go there in the ſame ſtyle as themſelves. Theſe animals are conſiderably ſafer than the horſes of the country, nor could horſes have travelled where we paſſed. The road was as narrow as a foot-path, and covered with looſe ſtones: it ran along the edge of a precipice, ſo that one falſe ſtep might in a moment have hurled us into eternity. The ſlow and tireſome pace of theſe beaſts, their frequent fits of obſtinacy, the numerous delays from the rottenneſs of French tackle, were ſo many trials of our patience. On our arrival it would have been ſatisfactory to have known the hour of the day, but we had forgotten our watches. Although we had left *Vigan* before ſix in the morning, we imagined from the height of the

the ſun, that it was near mid-day. Being in need of refreſhment we called for our cold proviſions, and ſeated in the ſhade formed by a projecting rock, ſatisfied the imperious demands of appetite. The remains were quickly devoured by two guides. The man who had undertaken that office, confeſſed his total ignorance at the *firſt* village, and obliged us to accept the ſervices of an old woman. I ſhould, by way of puniſhment, have diſmiſſed him, but that we found him uſeful in leading the aſſes over the very rough places. Our repaſt being finiſhed, we lighted the torches, and were conducted by a ſhort and eaſy deſcent into the cavern. Exceſs of wonder ſtruck us for a time ſpeechleſs, and we looked at each other, deſirous, though incapable, of giving language to our emotions. It conſiſts (if I may uſe the expreſſion) of ſeveral chambers, one within the other. The perpetual diſtillation of water has eaten the ſtone into all ſorts of ſhapes, and the mind is each moment employed in aſſimilation.

Juſt within the entrance is a little hollow in the form of a centinel's box, for which reaſon it is ſo called. One of the chambers exactly reſembles a large ſaloon ſupported by pillars of a great height, ſome plain, ſome fluted, ſome of ſurpriſingly juſt proportion; and on the ſides are niches, canopees, feſtoons, &c. As the whole is either a peculiar kind of ſpar, or water cryſtallized, you can eaſily conceive the brilliancy occaſioned by the light of our flambeaus.*

But my thoughts were not totally taken up in tracing theſe ſimilitudes. In the days of perſecution the proteſtants ſought refuge in the *Cevennes* mountains. Too ſtrongly impreſſed with the truth of their tenets to ſubmit through fear to a vile recantation, they privately held their religious aſſemblies in ſubterraneous receſſes.

* The letter concluded here, but I thought it better to throw this and the next into one, than interrupt the thread of the narration.

A Proteſtant Miniſter having informed me that in this ſad aſylum he had frequently harangued his brethren, here, ſaid I to myſelf, ſtood a liſtening crowd collected round their preacher, and exhorted by him, in the warm language of enthuſiaſm, to continue firm in their faith, and bid defiance to tyranny. I ſee depicted in their countenances an unſhaken reſolution to practice, in deſpight of danger and death itſelf, the duties of their religion. My mind next paſſed to the contemplation of an heroic deed, the particulars of which I cannot forbear to relate.

On the road from *Montpellier* to this place is a ſmall town called *Ganges*, where I ſtayed two hours. I was accoſted in the ſtreet by a Gentleman, who perceiving that I was a ſtranger, deſired to know if he could render me any ſervice. I was in queſt of a coffee-houſe, where he not only accompanied me, but would not ſuffer me to pay for my breakfaſt. We were ſhortly joined by another perſon, who remained with me

after the former had taken his leave. I then found, upon inquiry, that for theſe civilities I was indebted to a *Monſieur Fabre*, who had ſignalized himſelf by an inſtance of magnanimity, which muſt render him ever dear to the lovers of virtue. His father, returning from ſome retired ſpot where he had been preaching to his congregation, was ſeized by the troops ſent to apprehend the *fanatics*, the name by which the proteſtants are conſtantly diſtinguiſhed. They bind him; while they are conducting him to the gallies, his ſon, hearing the ſad intelligence, arrives, falls down at the feet of the officer, ſupplicates him not to load with chains an infirm man already bending with the weight of years, and offers himſelf a priſoner in the room of an aged and indulgent parent. Gratified by a compliance with his requeſt, this exalted character was condemned to paſs ſeven years of impriſonment, and hard labor, in the ſociety of the loweſt criminals. I ſhould have been glad to hear that the father

father had contended for glory with his ſon, and had refuſed to accept a liberty ſo dearly bought.

If to truly admire illuſtrious actions, and love the authors of them, be one ſtep towards the imitation of their bright example, I will hazard the declaration that I have entered the paths of virtue. No ſooner had I heard *Monſieur F's* ſtory than I felt an *immediate* regard for him; a powerful *ſomething* ſtill attracts me to him, and makes me delight in his company. Can ancient *Rome*, ſo fertile in great names, produce a more ſtriking inſtance of filial piety? It hurts me to think that an indifferent drama, in which fact is confounded with fable, is the only attempt to reſcue from oblivion an exploit worthy of immortal applauſe.

The levity, ſo juſtly attributed to the *French*, is no part of *Monſieur F's* diſpoſition. I cannot ſuppoſe that he ever had any, but if he had, adverſity has ſubdued it. What pleaſure is it to ſtudy the very features of eminent men! The dignity which

ſits

ſits on his brow, correſponds well with the temper of his mind. Each time I contemplate his firm and manly countenance, I ſee him ſtern, and unrepentant, ſubmitting to the chains of tyrant power with the air of triumphant virtue.

THIS Gentleman is a tradeſman at *Ganges*, and but for this event might have paſsed through life in obſcurity. Unlooked for opportunity frequently brings to light excellencies, before unknown even to the poſſeſſor; but *all* opportunities ought not to be objects of deſire to thoſe who aſpire after renown. Who would wiſh to ſee his family or friends oppreſſed, that he might place his own good qualities in a conſpicuous point of view? but who, if ſo ſad a moment arrived, would not with ardor ſacrifice himſelf to redeem them from every evil which had fallen on their *innocent* heads?

I REJOICE to think that the Proteſtants no longer ſuffer ſuch hardſhips as *Monſieur F;* but I feel pain in the conſideration that the

the ſanguinary laws againſt them, being unrepealed, may again be put in force. The unextinguiſhed fires may again be blown into a flame. I feel pain alſo when I look at the *preſent* ſituation of theſe ſectaries. A very few years paſt the troops were ſent in queſt of them every ſunday, but had private orders to avoid the place where they might be found. It is true indeed that this ridiculous form no longer exiſts; nevertheleſs they may be conſidered as a proſcribed race, againſt whom the gates to the temple of fame are ſhut. Aſhamed am I to acknowledge, even in thought, that the ſame rigorous excluſion to places of truſt and honor prevails in our own country. Sound politics require an eſtabliſhed church, but ſuch laws only are juſtifiable, as are eſſential to the defence of it.* Theſe ought not, like Draco's, to be written with blood, but be armed only with that *exact* degree of coercion, which is requiſite to

* This is ſhallow reaſoning, and a full anſwer to it may be ſeen in my little tract on the teſt laws.

enforce

enforce their obſervance. Every unneceſſary reſtraint of liberty is ſlavery, but ſlavery of conſcience is the worſt of ſlavery. May the governments of the world ſoon be convinced that nothing diſgraces the national character ſo much as intolerance! Adieu

Yours, &c.

B. H.

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LETTER XXI.

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To the ſame.

Cette, Auguſt 28*th.* 1784.

YOU will obſerve that the account given you in my laſt of *Monſieur Fabre*, is an indiſputable fact. I examined it with all the caution of doubt, being convinced that the perſecution of the Proteſtants is the frequent engine of impoſition on the

the Proteſtants. The knaves well know that nothing works ſo powerfully upon the heart, as an artful tale, pathetically delivered, of ſufferings in the cauſe of religion, and that the mind of the hearer is in general too ſenſibly affected to inveſtigate the truth with nicety. When I was at *Montpellier* on my journey from *Vigan* to this place, I went one day, upon the invitation of my countryman Mr. W, to dine with him and his ſon at an ordinary. At the table there was, among the reſt, a young man, dreſſed in a handſome ſuit of ſilk, who, on hearing us talk *Engliſh*, joined in the converſation. He was alſo well acquainted with the *Latin*, the *French*, the *Italian*, and the *Spaniſh*, all of which he ſpoke with great fluency. He was accompliſhed in his manners, and had indeed all the appearance of a man of faſhion. He requeſted me to drink coffee with him after dinner, but this I declined, ſignifying that I was the gueſt of Mr. W; who, hearing my reply, politely begged him to accompany us to his

his lodgings. He was prevailed on without difficulty. Before he had been five minutes in the room, he commenced his oration.

"HERE is a certificate under the hand of *Mons. Vergennes*, firſt miniſter of the court of *Verſailles*; here is another ſubſcribed by the Pope. Both theſe ſhew me to be a perſon of diſtinction, the ſon of *Don Pedro di Silva*, a grandee of *Spain*. I was ſent in my early years to *Rome*, where I was educated, and by intenſe application made a progreſs in the languages. When I had finiſhed my ſtudies, I returned to *Spain*, and was placed by my father in the army. Being of a reflecting turn of mind, which I had enlarged by extenſive reading, I directed my thoughts to many points in the Roman Catholic religion, which had ſhocked my underſtanding. I could not reconcile the idea of Chriſt's real preſence in a bit of bread. That a fellow creature made of the ſame fleſh and blood as myſelf, ſhould be inveſted with the power of pardoning

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ſins, appeared to me equally monſtrous. Theſe ſentiments I communicated to the public in print, without adding my name. I was nevertheleſs diſcovered to be the author, and thrown into the inquiſition. The prieſts tryed to make me recant what they called my errors, but as I was too firm to ſubmit, with a hot iron they ſtamped upon my arm a crucified Savior, and treated me with every kind of inhumanity. At length, after a cruel captivity of eighteen months, I was liberated by the interceſſion of a nobleman's wife, who procured my releaſe on condition of quitting my country for ever. Difficult of digeſtion as the terms were, I conſented; and made the beſt of my way to *England*, where I formally abjured the Catholic doctrines. During my ſtay there I received letters from my father, in which he aſſured me, that if I would give my word never more to meddle with matters of religion, I might not only again ſet foot on my native ground, but even be admitted to honors. Upon this I

quitted

quitted *England*, and ſet off for *Paris*; but the French miniſter adviſes me not to adopt my father's counſel. He imagines, that ſoon after my return the prieſt would find ſome plea for bringing me to the ſtake. I have, therefore, reſolved, ſince there are ſo many Proteſtants in *Languedoc*, to ſet up as a language maſter at *Niſmes*. I have a letter of recommendation to a gentleman of that place from a *Chevalier* of *St. Louis*. It is my intention to go there to morrow morning. My carriage was ſold at *Toulouſe* to pay my reckoning; and I have now ſent the landlady to ſell my ring, the only valuable I have, that I may be able to effect my ſcheme of departure. My ſpirit, thank heaven, however preſſing my neceſſities may be, will not allow me to aſk any thing from others. It is not eaſy to forget that I am the ſon of *Don Pedro*, and the ſon of *Don Pedro* can never ſupplicate charity."

THIS ſad ſtory was delivered with tears in his eyes, and accompanied with the moſt moving

moving geſtures. We all felt the ſame deſire to aſſiſt him, but feared to carry our benevolent intentions into effect, leſt we ſhould give offence to this haughty, but diſtreſſed Spaniard. My affairs called me to my lodging; I took my leave, and promiſed ſoon to rejoin the party, making no doubt that I ſhould find it undiminiſhed. After my departure, he taught his pride to accept the ſmall ſum of ſix *livres*. Had he waited a little longer, he would probably have received ſomething more, but he could not be perſuaded to ſtay until my return. He muſt have ſuſpected that I was gone to make inquiries, or to give information againſt him. It was even my deſign to follow him to the Inn, and preſent him with a trifle; but I luckily met with an Iriſh gentleman, by whom this impoſtor had been detected. Mr W. is determined never more to invite an abſolute ſtranger to his chambers, and for my own part, I fear that in future I ſhall be inclined to

doubt truth itſelf, ſince I am taught by this villain, how well it may be counterfeited. But it is better to be ſometimes the dupe of artifice, than be led by ſuſpicion to cloſe the hand againſt real diſtreſs. Let me ever feel for others whilſt I exiſt, and let me ever prove myſelf

Your dutiful & affectionate Son

B. H.

P. S. Being adviſed by an able Phyſician to take a ſea-voyage, I came to this place from whence many veſſels are ſhortly to ſet ſail for *Italy*. Mr J's, letter of this day has relieved me from a great load of anxiety. It was a long time ſince I had heard from any of the family. Sometimes I attributed it to the increaſed violence of your gout, ſometimes to other cauſes: I was tormented by a thouſand painful conjectures. Often have I wiſhed myſelf at home, but never ſo ſtrongly as in thoſe moments of ſolicitude

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LETTER XXII.

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To Iſaac Hobhouſe Eſq,

Marſeilles, September *7th.* 1784.

HON^D. SIR

HAVING been informed in my laſt that I was waiting at *Cette* for a paſſage to *Italy*, you will be ſurpriſed to receive a letter dated from this place. After ſtaying there ſeveral days, a weſt wind aroſe, and I embarked in a *tartane*, bound to *Nice* with a cargo of wine. Had *Genoa* or *Leghorn* been her port of deſtination, I ſhould have liked it better. As the *Spaniards* and *Italians* are at war with the *Algerines*, I gave the preference to a French veſſel. The Captain, if met by a corſair, holds up his commiſſion at ſome ſmall diſtance; for unleſs he can take oath that there has not been the leaſt communication, the crew is obliged to per-

form quarantine. I agreed for my paſſage at two *Louis* and a half, for which the Captain ſtipulated to carry me, my ſervant, and trunks. With proviſions I was to ſupply myſelf. Before we had been many hours at ſea, the wind became ſo calm that we made little way during the night; and in the morning it ſhifted to the North Eaſt. The Captain rather expected that as the ſun declined, it would turn more to Weſtward; but it continued in the ſame quarter, and blew ſo violently that he judged it moſt ſafe to return. It would have been as uſeleſs as dangerous to have kept the ſeas, for it was impoſſible to proceed in our voyage. In nineteen hours we had gone but nine leagues, but on the retrograde we performed it in five. When the wind abated its force, the Captain, joining us in the cabin, ſaid *Il n'y a rien à craindre à preſent, il ventoit trop, j'avois beaucoup de difficulté de ménager mes voiles. Mais le vent s'eſt appaiſ.* At nine in the evening, the ſame hour at which we had departed the day before

ſore, we again entered *Cette* harbour. Our labor was loſt, and we had incurred no inconſiderable degree of peril. Two other veſſels faced about alſo. A French marine Officer was paſſenger in one of them. Neither he nor I had much inclination to expoſe ourſelves a ſecond time during the Equinox to the gulph of *Lyons*. We agreed to hire a carriage and go together to *Marſeilles*, from whence a paſſage to the *Italian* ports may be had almoſt every day.

On our road we met ſeveral parties of ſoldiers. My companion, the French officer, told me, that the regiments ſeldom ſtay long in the ſame quarters, becauſe it is for the intereſt of the miniſter. They are ſupported by the municipality at each place through which they march, and *he* pockets their pay until they become ſtationary.

At *Aix* I was informed that the plague was in *Italy*, ſome ſaid at *Genoa*, ſome at *Leghorn*, others on the coaſt of *Ancona*. When I reached this city, I found that the inha-

bitants had been greatly alarmed, and not without reaſon. A ſhip arrived from *Smyrna*: the porters, who lodged the goods in the Lazaret, are ſince dead. She was ordered inſtantly to quit the ſhore.

It is *Fair* time. There was always ſuch a croud of people here, as to make it difficult to paſs, but *now* it is prodigious. The *cours*, a very long, wide ſtreet, is lined with booths on each ſide, and forms a *tres joli coup d'œil*. My next will, I hope, be dated from *Italy*.

Affectionately yours

B. H.

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LETTER XXIII.

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To the ſame.

Leghorn, September, 18th. 1784.

I EMBARKED at *Marſeilles* early in the morning of the 13*th*. inſtant, and

and arrived here yeſterday evening. This paſſage is ſeldom ſo long. The ſea was in general too calm; ſometimes for twenty four hours we were ſcarcely in motion. The whole morning of the 17*th*. we were in an abſolute ſtate of reſt ſo near to *Corſica*, that I could diſtinctly ſee the men and cattle. The ſun ſhone brightly: the ſmaller kind of fiſh formed playful groups upon the ſurface, while the larger, with uplifted heads, ſpouted the water high into the air. In the evening we were favored with a freſh South-Weſt wind, which towards night began to grow ſtrong. The Captain drew in almoſt all his ſails, ſo that I could not help aſking him, how he could expect a bird to fly, if his wings were clipped. He judged however prudently. He knew that his veſſel was of no ſize, and greatly overladen. He was afraid of ſtriking in the night againſt the ſmall iſland of *Gorgona*, which is nothing but an uninhabited rock. At break of day perceiving it a few leagues off, we crouded ſail, and by night reached the

ſhores of *Italy*. We produced our bills of health, and were admitted without further delay. The Captain, his ſon, a youth, and two boys were our ſhip's company. The paſſengers conſiſted of three ſailors, an *Italian* cook, a *Spaniſh* friar, my ſervant, and ſelf. In the little cabin were four cots, one of which fell to my ſhare. No light or air could enter but through the crevices of the door. On account of the vermin I durſt not pull off my cloaths the whole voyage, ſo that you may ſuppoſe I never ſlept long at a time. Beſides his native language, the *Spaniard* could talk Latin. Of the former I am entirely ignorant, and in the latter I have never been uſed to converſe. You muſt, likewiſe, take into the account, that the pronunciation of Latin on the continent is far different from ours. After a day or two however, we contrived, by means of it, to convey our thoughts to each other. My lodgings are very comfortable, and I hope to recruit myſelf by a night's repoſe. I had ſcarcely been here half an hour, but

I heard a company of muſicians under my window. After playing two or three tunes, they gave me to underſtand, that their object was to congratulate *Illuſtriſſimo Signor* on his happy arrival. Such a title could not fail to draw half a crown out of my purſe. As every perſon who enters the town, is obliged to give an account of himſelf, and of the hotel where he intends to lodge, the name and reſidence of every ſtranger are immediately made known to the band.

I remain yours &c.

B. H.

LETTER. XXIV.

To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Rome, October 1ſt. 1784.

HON^D. SIR.

YOU will naturally expect me to ſend you ſome information reſpecting the

the trade of *Leghorn*. I endeavored to gain light upon the ſubject, but my want of acquaintance, and the ſhort time I paſſed there, muſt plead my excuſe, if you, ſo converſant in theſe matters, ſhould judge my remarks undeſerving of attention.

For the manufacture of coral, the only one which exiſts, it is moſt favorably ſituated; being, like *Marſeilles*, near the coaſts of *Corſica*, *Sardinia*, and *Africa*, on all which that ſubſtance abounds.

In walking the ſtreets you ſee people of all nations in the different habits of their reſpective countries. This multitude of foreigners ariſes from the unlimited traffic allowed by the Grand Duke. The *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Dutch* bring their merchandiſe to market, and by this competition eſtabliſhed among the ſellers, the buyers are furniſhed with well executed commodities at the cheapeſt rate. *France*, from the high price, and inferior texture of her cloths, has been obliged to cede that article to *England*.

A whole ſtreet, in which are the beſt houſes of the town, is inhabited by Jews and Armenians, who are the principal merchants. They diſpoſe of their purchaſes in other parts of *Italy*, and in return take the fruits of labor. The mountains of *Lucca*, a range of immenſe length and breath, are one grove of olives, and have the reputation of producing oil of the beſt quality. Of this a ſmall quantity is embarked at *Viareggio*, the only port in the *Lucqueſe* territory; the remainder is ſent by land to *Piſa*, and from thence by a commodious canal to *Leghorn*, where, together with ſilk, wine &c, it furniſhes a back cargo to the ſhips which brought the imports

THE two ports lie one within the other; but the water in them is ſo ſhallow, that veſſels of bulk, not being able to enter, are obliged to remain in the road. A large-light houſe is erected near the ſhore, and on the iſland of *Meliora* is the white tower built by *Elizabeth*, queen of *England*, after having loſt two ſhips on that coaſt. As great care

care has been taken to render the harbour ſafe and eaſy of acceſs, ſo nothing has been omitted which has a tendency to *accomodate* trade. The public magazines for corn, oil &c are conſtructed in the moſt ſolid and convenient manner. There the merchant may depoſit his goods until he has met with a purchaſer, and on taking them out pays a ſmall ſatisfaction.

THUS commerce, uncramped by impoſts, and furniſhed with every advantage, has room to diſplay her ſtrongeſt exertions. It was a maſter ſtroke of politics in the houſe of *Medicis* to declare *Leghorn* a free port. They have thus augmented their revenues. The crouds of ſtrangers increaſe conſumption, and all the neceſſaries of life are loaded with a duty. I have frequently ſeen the fruit-women pay it at the gates, where every thing undergoes an examination.

NOW I am upon the ſubject of taxes, I cannot forbear to mention one, which, if not peculiar to *Leghorn*, is certainly very uncommon

THE proſtitutes occupied a particular ſtreet, called *Livorno vecchio*. A law was made by which it was enacted, that every woman reſiding there at that, or any future time, ſhould purchaſe a licence for the practice of incontinence. In lieu of the licence, which the preſent Grand Duke has remitted, they are now obliged to take out a permit for every trip into the country.

THE reaſon that theſe aſſeſſments never diminiſhed the number of inhabitants in *Livorno vecchio* is obvious. Had the ſum required been ſo great, as to preclude the hope of reimburſement from their viſitors, it might have occaſioned the venal fair to change their quarters; but being only a trifle, they claim at leaſt ſuch an advance for their favors, as to indemnify themſelves. Perhaps they are infected by the *mercantile* ſpirit, and turn the tax to profit; like the Inn-keepers of *England* who, when a penny *per* horſe was put upon poſting, did not add it to the old price of nine pence, but inſtead

of

of eleven pence per mile for a pair, demand a ſhilling.

THE ſole motive of the *Tuſcan* Dukes muſt have been revenue. They never could have imagined, that to ſubject vice to an expence in *one* part of a place, from which it is exempt in *another*, could in any degree operate to the reſtraint of it. They muſt, beſides, have known, that by expreſsly authoriſing an action for a pecuniary conſideration, they intimate that there is no inherent wickedneſs in it.

THE town is near two miles in circumference, and ſaid to contain (including foreigners) 80,000 ſouls. The houſes are well built, the ſtreets are well paved, and clean. Carts paſs every night to collect the filth contracted during the day.

WHERE trade prevails, you ſeldom find any public edifices which mark taſte; each perſon follows his own buſineſs, and is contented if his affairs be in a thriving ſtate. *La piazza grande*, ſays Mr. Addiſon in his travels, is one of the largeſt, and *will* be one of the

the moſt beautiful ſquares in *Italy*, when the ſtatue of the Grand Duke, now ſtanding near the port, is placed in the middle, and a town houſe is erected *vis à vis* to the church. I collect from hence that ſuch a plan was then in agitation, but not a ſingle ſtep has been taken to carry it into execution. The ſtatue is not yet removed from its old ſituation.

THE foreigners, who are not profeſſors of the catholic religion, have beſtowed ſome expence upon their churches. I except the Engliſh who have no public building of that kind, but aſſemble at the conſul's every ſunday for the purpoſes of ſocial worſhip.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

To the ſame.

Rome, October, 6th. 1784.

HON^D. SIR.

I HAD the choice of three roads from *Leghorn* to *Florence:* the direct is in bad condition, and offers nothing curious; another goes by way of *Piſa*, and from thence ſtraight to *Florence*, which lengthens the journey about twelve miles; a third takes in both *Piſa* and *Lucca*, which makes a difference of twenty miles. As entertainment is my object, I preferred the latter.

BUT, before my departure, ſome ceremonies were neceſſary. In ſtrictneſs I ought to have ſent my luggage to the cuſtom houſe, that it might be ſeen whether I had any goods liable to a duty. Two of the officers, to ſave me that trouble, waited on me at my lodgings, but deranged nothing,

thing. I underſtood their meaning, and complimented them with five *pauls*, for which the *bolla*, or ſeal of the cuſtom houſe, was immediately affixed to my trunks. The paſſport was made out for *Florence*, which I was aſſured would free me the whole way from ſimilar inquiries, unleſs I previouſly took off the *bolla*. The traveller ſhould, therefore, put in his night-ſack a few ſhirts, and what elſe may be ſerviceable to him *en route*. I had ſome idea that *Lucca* being another ſtate, I muſt have gone through the farce of a ſecond examination, which would have produced a third on re-entering Tuſcany. The Officers at *Leghorn* adviſed me, if any difficulties were ſtarted at *Lucca*, to offer poſſeſſion of my keys during my ſtay, but it was not neceſſary: I paid only twelve *ſous* on my arrival.

Piſa is a very handſome, old town, divided into two parts by the *Arno*, on the banks of which is a fine wharf. Being a Univerſity, it ſerves as a reſidence to many *literati*; but it is not half peopled. It is truly ſaid that graſs

grows in the ſtreets. Mr Addiſon, in his inveſtigation of the cauſe, ſpeaks to the following effect. "*Leghorn*, being a free port, is the reſort of all the young people deſirous of meliorating their condition. Hence *Piſtoia* preſents the ſame deſolated appearance, as *Piſa*. No manufactures are encouraged in order to put a ſtop to ſuch emigrations." But Mr Addiſon's ſolution ſtill leaves a difficulty. Why does not the Grand Duke promote manufactures in thoſe towns? Does it proceed from neglect or from policy? if from the latter, does he wiſh to prevent the increaſe of their numbers, leſt they ſhould aſpire to that independence they once enjoyed?

The objects of curioſity in *Piſa*, and its neighborhood, are the cathedral, the baptiſtery, the leaning tower, the *campo ſanto*, and the baths.

The cathedral was built in the 11*th*. century, and may be called a fine Gothic ſtructure. There are ſome good paintings, but it's moſt ſtriking beauty is the gates of braſs

braſs, on which is engraved, in the moſt admirable manner, the hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament. The compartments are ſmall, and though there be many figures, each is very diſtinct. This is the work of John *de Boulogne.*

THE baptiſtery, as well as the cathedral, is decorated with a profuſion of marble. The font and chair are ſkilfully executed.

IF you ſtand under the *campanile*, or leaning tower, you would ſuppoſe that it was about to fall. It was erected in the 12*th.* century by *William D' Alman*, is of a cylindrical form, and has eight rounds of columns one above another. From the top to the bottom it is 188 feet, and the baſe lies out of the perpendicular about twelve feet. I know that the opinions are divided: ſome think that it was built in that form; others, that it's inclination was occaſioned by the ſinking of the ground. The foundation certainly appears to have given way on that ſide.

Il campo ſanto is a burying place incloſ-

ed by a kind of cloiſter in the Gothic ſtyle. It is called holy from the earth which was conveyed there from Jeruſalem by the *Piſans*, when they went to the aſſiſtance of *Frederic* I, ſirnamed *Barbaroſſa*. This earth is reputed to have the property of totally conſuming a carcaſe in nine days. The different ſtages, which the body undergoes at the end of each three days, are miſerably exhibited in *freſco* on the walls, which are every where daubed in the ſame manner. The ſubjects are taken from ſacred hiſtory. Some of the *bas releifs* on the tombs have their merit, particularly that of the boar and *Meleager*. The ſtatue of a woman extended, and covered with a ſhroud, has neither head, nor arms; nor can I diſcover the nice execution, of which Dr. Smollet ſpeaks ſo rapturouſly.

THE baths are ſituated, about five miles from the town, at the foot of the *Lucqueſe* mountains. They are hot or cold, public or private. The *douches* are applicable with eaſe to every part of the body. The invalid

lid has, indeed, every convenience. As the waters have a purgative quality, there is a covered walk, where the patient may, in wet weather, take his exerciſe, and aſſiſt their operation. Thoſe who are lodged in the houſe, by throwing open the doors of their chambers, may join in the maſs; for the chapel ſtands in the centre, and is ſo conſtructed as to circulate the ſound. What a contraſt to the baths of *Balaruc*, where neither cleanlineſs, nor accommodation are to be found!

EVERY three years a feaſt of an extraordinary nature is celebrated at *Piſa*. I wiſh it had ſo fallen out, as to have taken place when I was there. The inhabitants on the different ſides of the marble bridge, armed with bludgeons, diſpute the paſs. The contending parties have different uniforms, and commence the action at a ſignal given. The battle is always furious, and ſometimes attended with loſs of life. The origin of this *diverſion* is uncertain.

I AM now ſtruck with the recollection of a game at *Cette*, in the French language termed *joute*. On the feſtival of *St. Louis*, the 25*th*. of Auguſt, there is a kind of *naumachia*, or ſea-fight, in the port. The combatants are drawn up on oppoſite ſides, the one diſtinguiſhed by blue, the other by red jackets. At one end of the boats is fixed a ladder inclining upwards, on the top of which ſtands the champion, his left arm bearing a ſhield, his right a long pole by way of ſpear. Each places himſelf in the attitude beſt calculated both for offence, and reſiſtance. Their object is not to do a perſonal injury, but to try who can ſucceed in throwing the other into the water; which, if they were not ſo expert in ſwimming, is not deep enough to be dangerous. As the boats paſs each other, a mutual thruſt is given. He who puſhes with the greateſt force, and aims ſo as to ſtrike his adverſary's ſhield in the center, is always the victor. The match is ſometimes ſo equal, that both, after having made the aſ-

ſault,

ſault, totter and recover, or totter and fall into the water. He who overthrows the greateſt number, without being once overthrown himſelf, is triumphant, and bears away the prize. The manlineſs of this ſport afforded me great delight. One is immediately ſeized with an unaccountable preference: it proved no ſlight mortification to me that my favorite failed in the enterpriſe.

OUGHT we not to encourage ſimilar practices in our own country? Good policy requires that ſuch amuſements be choſen for the people, as will preſerve the body in health, and the mind in vigor. On this principle games were inſtituted by the Antients.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXVI.

To H. Hobhouſe Eſq,

Rome, October 6*th*. 1784.

DEAR COUSIN.

THE territory of *Lucca* is but forty miles in length, and fifteen in breadth; and only deſerves notice on account of it's political inſtitutions.

THE form of government is an ariſtocracy, but every reſtriction is employed to prevent it's degeneration into an oligarchy.

THE legiſlative aſſembly conſiſts of *all* the nobles. To make a houſe eighty muſt be preſent: to make a law three parts muſt be unanimous.

To exclude, as much as poſſible, the abuſe of great power, it is of very ſhort duration. The *Gonfaloniero* holds his employment only two months, and then returns to his private ſtation, *Il Gonfaloniero*, ſaid my lan-

lord,

lord, *non mangia altro che ſeſſanta due mineſtre nel palazzo.* There are nine other magiſtrates called *Anziani*, who continue in office no longer than the *Gonfaloniero*, who is their head. In theſe ten the ſupreme executive authority is veſted. But how are they choſen? A council of thirty ſix nobles elect about 200 of their own order, whoſe names are thrown into a box. The ten who are drawn, cannot refuſe to ſerve. The box is repleniſhed every two years, or two years and a half.

THE judicial power is lodged in five perſons. The chief is named *il Podeſta*. *He* tries the criminal cauſes; the civil are the province of the other *four*. They are all appointed by the council; and muſt be ſtrangers, that they may be free from prejudice. It is on this principle that an Engliſh judge never ſits on the *niſi prius* ſide of the court in the county where he reſides. In queſtions of property it is ſuppoſed that his partiality may get the better of him, but that where the life of a fellow creature is at ſtake

ſtake, he muſt be a monſter to feel any bias againſt the unhappy priſoner. The ſenate cannot alter a verdict in *civil* caſes: in *criminal* they have the power of pardoning, if the offence be capital.

THE laws are calculated to ſhut out luxury: no one is permitted to wear gold, or ſilver lace, except the *Gonfaloniero*.

IN the *l' uffizio dell abondanza* are depoſited the corn, and other grain bought by the public treaſury. In times of dearth it is ſold at a cheap rate, and ſometimes even diſtributed *gratis*, to thoſe who are in real diſtreſs. Idlers and vagabonds are ſet to hard labor.

THE military has of late been very much neglected. The militia formerly amounted to 20,000, but at preſent there are not more than 1000 in the uſe of arms.

MAY we not trace, in the government and laws of this little ſtate, many of the excellent regulations of the ancient republics?

THE

THE *Lucqueſe and Florentines* deteſt each other; the former, though their country be of ſmall extent, poſſeſs the noble ſpirit of independence. It is a proverbial ſaying with them, that one *Lucqueſe* is equal in fight to five *Florentines*.

THE *Lucqueſe* are a very laborious people. Every foot of ground is cultivated, and turned to the beſt account. Their mountains are covered with olives, ſo that the making of oil is one of their principal occupations. They have a large manufacture of ſilk, and raiſe many worms for that purpoſe. The town is properly called *Lucca l' induſtrioſa*.

MAY this letter find you a quarter of an hour's amuſement!

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Rome, October 23. 1784.

HONᴰ. SIR.

WITH what delight did I paſs a few days at *Florence!*

THE preſent Grand Duke has increaſed the ſalaries of his ſervants, and affixed to the principal door of the Gallery a prohibition to give fees. Thus I had many opportunities of viſiting it; indeed it was my morning and evening walk. How much better is this than to be hurried along by a fellow incapable of giving a ſatisfactory explanation, and impatient to obtain his reward! Such judicious conduct in the goverment has been followed with other conſequences, than the mere accomodation of travellers. *Florence* is become the ſchool

of

of the polite arts. In every part of the Gallery were young ſtudents, taking copies of the moſt celebrated works.

THE *Gods* and *Demigods* of old ſuggeſted to my remembrance what I believed to have forgotten, and thus afforded me a pleaſing proof that I had retained more of the fruits of my former ſtudies, than I had imagined. *Spence* in his *Polymetis* has made it appear, that the buſts and ſtatues of antiquity, and the Greek and Roman claſſics ſerve to explain each other. Addiſon cites many inſtances in illuſtration of the ſame point. I know from experience, that their ideas are well founded.

IT was alſo a matter of great ſatisfaction to me to be carried back to the important events of remote times, by contemplating the repreſentation of thoſe who brought them to paſs. The numerous buſts of *Roman* Emperors preſented to me the hiſtory of their lives.

WITHOUT underſtanding the laws of criticiſm, I dwell with warmth on ſymmetry of ſhape,

ſhape, expreſſion of countenance, and every ſentimental touch of the ſkilful artiſt; nor can I refrain from enumerating ſuch pieces of ſculpture, or painting, as pleaſed me moſt, although I am well perſuaded that an adequate idea cannot be communicated.

The moſt ſtriking in the Gallery among the ancient are, *Bacchus* leaning on a fawn, *Flora*, *Pomona*, *Narciſſus*, *Ganymede*, and above all, the *Mercury* in *bronze* ſtanding tip-toe on the mouth of a *Zephyr*. Than this laſt nothing can be more light, or airy. Among the modern, the *Bacchus* of *Lanvoiſin*, and the *Laocoon* of *Bandinelli* ſtand foremoſt. In the adjoining rooms are the *Venus de Medicis*, the wreſtlers, the ſpy, the fawn, the *Apollo Belvidere*, the *Venus victrix* with a globe in her hand, the *Venus pudica*, the *Venus* drying herſelf after coming out of the baths, the *Niobe* and her children &c.

But I cannot enough lament that ſome of the ſtatues, moſt to be valued for their ſculpture, afford no deciſive proof whom they repreſent, or whoſe chiſſel gave them form

form. It is contended that the *Venus de Medicis* ought to have been called *Phryne*, the Athenian courtezan: and that the inſcription, declaring it to be the work of *Cleomenes*, is comparatively of modern date, ſo that it is quite uncertain whether the merit belong to *him*, or to either or none of the other claimants, *Phidias*, *Alcamenes*, *Scopas*, and *Praxiteles*. The Spy, ſcarcely inferior in renown to the *Venus*, is alſo a ſubject of conteſt. He ſuſpends the act of whetting his knife, and appears in the attitude of liſtening. Hence he is by *ſome* ſuppoſed to be a ſlave, who accidentally overheard the deliberations of the *Catiline* conſpiracy, and gave information of it to the conſul. But if credit be due to *Salluſt*, the intelligence came to the ears of *Tully* in a very different manner. *Others* ſay that he is the executioner who, having prepared the deadly inſtrument, is expecting the final order of *Apollo* to flay *Marſyas*. *Others* again give him the name of *Milico*. Beſide theſe, many other conjectures have been raiſed.

raiſed. The ſtatue at the end of the Gallery on which is engraved the following ſentence, *ut potui, huc veni, Delphis et fratre relicto,* may well have puzzled Mr. Addiſon. It is now looked upon to be *Bacchus* returning with the ſpoils of the *Delphic* temple, but there is no more reaſon to think it a *Bacchus*, than an *Apollo*. Where the ſmalleſt room for doubt occurs, a thouſand extravagancies are ſtarted; and to anſwer a particular purpoſe, tricks are even uſed to make one figure paſs for another. *Mr. Dutens* in his itinerary ſpeaks of a beautiful *Endymion*. Not being able to find him, I made ſome inquiries, and at length diſcovered that he is employed to ſupply a vacancy in the family of *Niobe*. As the body bends, and the hand is uplifted to intercept the light of the moon, the attitude is not incongruous; but the countenance betrays not that terror, which his own impending fate, joined to the deſtruction of his near kindred who had fallen before him, muſt naturally have excited.

THE paintings are but few, and thoſe in the apartments. Beſides a St. John by *Raphael*, one of his maſter pieces, are ſome of the capital performances of *Rubens*, *Titian*, *Corregio*, *Annibal Carrachi &c.* But the moſt noble collection is in the palace of *Pitti*, the reſidence of the Grand Duke. Thither he removed every valuable picture from the Gallery, and from his villas.

THE cathedral is a noble pile of Gothic architecture. The *cupola* was greatly admired by *Michael Angelo*. Under a canopy near the altar are three ſtatues, larger than life, by that eminent maſter. A deceaſed Chriſt is ſupported by his mother. Piety is placed above, weeping. The expreſſion is forcible. In another part the four Apoſtles by *Donatello* challenge notice.

ONE of the gates of the baptiſtery is adorned with *bas reliefs* of ſuch excellent workmanſhip, that *Michael Angelo* ſaid it deſerved to be the entrance into paradiſe.

BUT my attention was moſt engaged by a work of *John de Boulogne*, in the vault of

 the

the church of *St. Lorenzo*. Our Saviour on the croſs occupies the middle, on one ſide ſtands his mother, on the other his beloved diſciple. The figure of Mary will for ever live in my memory. A countenance ſo full of ſorrow, ſuch natural marks of deep affliction were, I thought, beyond the reach of art.

THE churches at *Florence*, like thoſe at *Leghorn*, contain a profuſion of marble; ſome of them have, alſo, an outward caſing of it.

IN the principal ſtreets are many beautiful ſtatues. The *piazza Ducale*, for example, preſents to view *Judith*, in *bronze*, about to cut off the head of the proſtrate *Holophernes*, by *Donatello*; a coloſſal *Neptune* in the middle of a baſon of water, by *Amanati*; the ſurrounding Nymphs and Tritons, an equeſtrian ſtatue of *Coſmo* the I, and the rape of the *Sabines*, by *John de Boulogne*; and laſt, though more eminent than all the reſt, *David* after his triumph over *Goliah*, by *Michael Angelo*. It is to be wiſhed that ſo many of his undertakings

takings had not been left incomplete. His daring genius, for ſuch he appears even by his very ſketches to have poſſeſſed, tempted him to begin more, than he could well finiſh.

THE police is very good. You may walk the town with ſafety at any time of the night. Not a ſingle execution has taken place ſince the acceſſion of the preſent Duke. A ſpecies of *Italian* puniſhment, which excites horror, is, likewiſe, grown into diſuſe. For a very ſlight crime the delinquent was tied with a rope under his arm, drawn up by pullies to a conſiderable height, and afterwards ſuffered to fall ſuddenly, ſo that his limbs, if not broken, were almoſt always diſlocated. Is not death preferable to ſuch torture?

No leſs vigilant is the Grand Duke to protect his ſubjects from fraud, than from violence. An Engliſhman of diſtinction ſome few years ago fell in among ſharpers, who tricked him out of a conſiderable ſum of money. The fact became publicly known,

and they were condemned to impriſonment in the gallies.

THE *Florentines* deal in alum, marble, and iron, materials which are found in great abundance among the mountains of *Tuſcany*. They make *ſome* cloths, but are more famous for their ſilks. The latter is the moſt conſiderable manufacture, and has a name all over Europe. But ſince *Florence* has ceaſed to be a republic, her trade is greatly diminiſhed. The family of *Medicis* who produced the revolution, were indeed merchants; but the occupation is no longer reſpectable. A ſtrong pride, joined to an inconſiſtent meanneſs, infects the nobility. They diſdain to be concerned in merchandiſe, but at the ſame time are, almoſt to a man, *retailers* of wine. Near the great gate of the *Palazzo* hangs a buſh, * or twiggen bottle, by way of ſign, under which is a ſmall hole in the wall, with a ſliding cover of wood. Here the purchaſer knocks gent-

* May not this practice have given birth to the proverb, that "Good wine needs no buſh?"

ly.

ly. The ſervant arrives, fills the flaſk, and receives the money, like any other waiter at a tavern. This is not the uſage of the inferior nobility only, but even of the firſt families.

POETRY and the fine arts are held in great eſteem. The memory of thoſe who have excelled in them, is preſerved in the cathedral. On the walls is an indifferent, but very extraordinary picture of *Dante* ſurrounded by the purgatory and hell, of which he ſings in his poem. It is more remarkable that this honor ſhould be conferred on him, becauſe he died in exile.

Yours &c.

B. H.

LETTER. XXVIII.

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To the Rev. James Banniſter.

Rome, October 23. 1784.

DEAR SIR.

SIENNA muſt be a charming ſummer reſidence, as it ſtands on high ground, and commands a rich vale. There the *Italian* is ſpoken in the greateſt purity. The *Sienneſe* have the choſen terms of the *Florentines*, and the clear articulation of the *Romans*. The *Florentines* pronounce the *c* as an *h* in a moſt harſh, and guttural manner. It was two or three days before I grew ſo uſed to it, as to underſtand them. The only object of curioſity is the cathedral, in which are a few good paintings, and an admirable piece of *Moſaic*.

I HAVE not as yet ſpoken of the face of the country ſince my arrival in *Italy*.

FROM *Leghorn* to *Sienna* my route preſents

ſents a very fertile aſpect. How different are the ſcenes from thoſe, to which I had been accuſtomed in the neighborhood of *Marſeilles*, *Aix*, and *Montpellier!* There the eye ſeldom meets with a green field, or a herd; figs, olives, and grapes are the only product of that arid ſoil: but here innumerable cattle wanton in the verdant paſtures. The droves in the road are frequently ſo large, that it is difficult to paſs. Each peaſant drags to market a calf, or heifer; a variety of ribbons is tied to that part of the rope, which is thrown over the horns. The vines are not low, and ſpread over a ſpace of ground, as in *France*, but, agreeably to the expreſſion of *Horace*, *maritantur ulmo*. They twine round the elms, and hang between rows of them in feſtoons. The ripe cluſters of different hue gave a great richneſs to the appearance. The ground under the trees is not permitted to lie idle. Sometimes it is ſown with wheat, or barley, ſometimes with millet, ſometimes with lucerne, or trefoil.

THE ſituation of many villages brought to my mind *Virgil's* deſcription,

Tot congeſta manu præruptis oppida ſaxis.

THEY are placed on mountains, or rocks, which ſeem to forbid acceſs. I looked with pleaſure from my carriage window upon the dreſs of the country girls. A ſtraw hat, the making of which is the general occupation of the villagers, both male and female, is placed on one ſide of the head. It is encircled with wreaths of artificial flowers, of which they wear a *bouquet* in the boſom. Their locks are turned up behind in treſſes, and faſtened by a long needle, which is ſometimes very coſtly. The ſhoulder ſtraps of the ſtays are decorated with ribbons of divers colors, tied in a bow. The upper garment, ſeldom uſed in the heat of ſummer, is a kind of jacket, which reaches little lower than the top of the petticoat. The only difference between the attire of the *Tuſcan* and *Lucqueſe* is, that the latter has a long handkerchief, which falls from the crown of the head to the middle of the back; and wears

no

no hat. You are not to underſtand that I ſpeak of the women of a higher rank: in *both* territories they wear cap, gown, and apron, according to the Engliſh faſhion.

FROM the termination of the vale of *Sienna* even to *Ponte Cetino*, the entrance into the Pope's dominions, the eye is wearied with one ſcene of uncultivated hills. The ſoil is, without doubt, ungrateful; nevertheleſs under proper management it might be made to produce *ſomething*. When markets are at hand, where the huſbandman has a certain vent for the returns of his labor, he will not fail to give as high a ſtate of improvement to his lands, as will pay his expences with a profit. This incitement is neceſſary with an active people, *a fortiori* with the indolent *Italians*. But when the towns are remote from each other, the farmer who lives at a diſtance, ſenſible of the impoſibility of ſupporting a competition with him whoſe reſidence is near, is content, if his eſtate yield him a bare livelihood. Can we aſſign a more probable cauſe, why this part of

of *Tuſcany* wears a countenance of gloom and deſolation, the very reverſe of the other? To complete the melancholy picture, the roads are ſcarcely paſſable, the houſes of reſort ſcarcely habitable, the Inn-keepers ſcarcely men, ſo brutal are they in their behavior.

I SHALL not now carry you into the Eccleſiaſtical ſtate but ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours &c.

B. H.

.....

LETTER XXIX.

.....

To H. Hobhouſe Eſq,

Rome, November 10*th*. 1784.

HAVING recently turned my attention to the antiquities in *Rome* and the neighborhood, I haſten to commit my ideas to

to paper, leſt I loſe them. The only way of clearly treating the ſubject is by dividing it into it's component parts. A little of the general learning will be neceſſary, that the deſcription may be more intelligible.

Of the Temples, and Altars.

POLYTHEISM had its origin in *Egypt* and *Phenicia*, and from thence paſſed with the colonies into *Greece*. *Romulus*, without receiving the obſcene, and impious fables which had been introduced into the theology of the Greeks, adopted almoſt all their Gods; whoſe number ſo increaſed from time to time in the ſucceſſive ages, that *Varro* makes them amount to 30,000. Temples were dedicated not only to the celeſtial and infernal Gods, and thoſe heroes who had by their lives rendered important ſervices to the ſtate; but to the virtues, vices, corporeal infirmities &c *Tantus error fuit*, ſays *Cicero*, *ut perniciosis rebus non modo nomen Deorum tribueretur, ſed etiam ſacra conſtitue-*

conſtituerentur. Fear,* envy, diſcord, fever, and the like, were objects of worſhip. It was not, however, ſo much the practice to raiſe temples to the Divinities of *Tartarus,* as to the deified diſeaſes whether of mind, or body; the latter had, perhaps, a better character for flexibility, than the former: but addreſſes to *both* were deſigned, not to obtain an additional good, but to guard againſt a probable, or remove a preſent evil. The modern Romans ſolicit the interceſſion of ſaints who have endured the ſame affliction. Thoſe who ſuffer the tooth-ach, kiſs the toe of *Anaſtaſius,* who was greatly tormented with that pain; for diſorders of the eyes application is made to *St. Lucia;* and in complaints of the inteſtines, *St. Eraſmus,* whoſe bowels were torn out by the hands of the executioner,

* *Tullus Hoſtilius in re trepidâ duodecim vovit Salios, fanaque pallori ac pavori.* LIVY b. i. This king was the firſt among the *Romans* who paid religious homage to fear. *Theſeus,* before his engagement with the *Amazons,* ſacrificed to that Deity; *Alexander* did the ſame before the battle of *Arbela.*

is

is deemed the moſt expert phyſician. Is it not as rational to believe in the efficacy of an invocation to a fictitious being, as to the image of a departed ſaint ?

Some temples were erected in honor of one God only, *ſome* of many, *others* of all. Their form was various, round, ſquare, &c. In the interior, which was often embelliſhed with ivory and gold, were diſplayed the *vota*, or promiſed offerings in return for the divine favor. *Eſculapius* was led to expect *tabellas*, or liſts recording his cures; *Mars* was tempted with the hope of ſpoils taken from the enemy. Within the conſecrated walls, delinquents and debtors were ſecure from arreſts, it was ſcarcely thought lawful to ſpit, or to cough, and upon particular occaſions the humble ſupplicants ſwept the pavement with their hair. May we not in theſe inſtances evidently trace a ſimilarity between pagan and chriſtian *Rome*? Churches are *now* a place of protection to the aſſaſſin; pilgrims crawl round and round the chapel at *Lo-*

retto

retto upon their knees; the barren wife, and ſuffering captive pledge themſelves, if their prayers be ſucceſsful, to reward *Notre Dame* with ſilver ſtatues, or other coſtly preſents.

THE *Pantheon*, the outward walls of which are entire, may well claim our *firſt* notice. The upper part of the portico bears the following inſcription.

M. Agrippa L. F. Cos. tertium fecit.

HENCE this temple is ſaid to have been built by *Agrippa;* but others contend, and with reaſon, that *Agrippa* repaired the body, and added the portico. *Dion* ſpeaking of what was done by *Agrippa*, uſes the word εξετελεσε, which ſignifies to complete. The eye diſcovers with eaſe, that the portico and the Rotunda are not mortiſed together, but ſtand a little apart from each other; and that the cornice of the one belongs not to the ſame order, as that of the other.

THE portico is ſo admired for its architecture, as to be the object of univerſal imitation.

tation. It is ſupported by ſixteen columns, each conſiſting of one piece of oriental granite. Eight of them ſtand in the front line. Their diameter is five feet: their height thirty-ſeven, excluſive of baſe, and capital. If this majeſtic portico appear too low, it muſt be conſidered that it is partly buried, in conſequence of the elevation occaſioned by the ruins of the old city. The door is of *bronze*, but does not exactly fit. The original, made of the ſame metal, was ſeized by *Genſeric* King of the *Vandals*, and the veſſel, in which it was embarked, was loſt on the coaſt of *Sicily*. The ſtatue of *Agrippa* in a triumphal car ſtood over the portico; for near to it were diſcovered, in the popedom of *Eugenio*, the head of that general, the foot of a horſe, and part of a wheel, all in *bronze*.

THE interior of the Rotunda is 137 feet 2 inches in diameter between the axis of the columns, according to the meaſurement of *Condamine*. *Venuti* is of opinion that the breadth exceeds the height, but the

the prevailing notion is, that they are equal, and that the aperture at the top, by which alone light enters, is a perfect hemiſphere.

THIS noble ſtructure has ſuffered leſs by miſchance, than barbariſm. The thunder ſtorm, which aſſailed it in the reign of *Trajan*, committed not ſo great ravage as *Conſtantio*, nephew of *Eraclio*, A. D. 636, who carried away the ſtatues, as well as the ſheets of ſilver with which it was covered within, and without. The metallic beams, which ſupported the roof of the portico, were uſed by *Urban* VIII. to ornament the altar of *St. Peter's*, and make cannon for the defence of the caſtle of *St. Angelo*. This ſpecies of plunder is common among the modern *Romans*, for which reaſon I place them on a *par* with the *Goths*. To embelliſh a church, or palace, many of the ancient ſepulchres have been ſtripped of their marble exterior. If a ſtatue be expoſed to injury, it is highly proper to remove it to a *Muſeum;* but to mutilate a fine piece of

of remains for the ſake of a new fabric, is an unpardonable robbery.

In the *Pantheon*, or temple of all the Gods, were depoſited by *Boniface* the IV. twenty eight cart loads of holy relicks; and hence it is now as frequently called *S. Maria ad Martyres*, as *S. M. Rotonda*.

Three great arches, which ſtand quite alone, ſufficiently mark the priſtine ſize and magnificence of the temple of *Peace*.

Several columns, the only veſtiges of the temple of *Jupiter* on the *Capitoline* hill, * ſupport the nave of *S: Maria in Araceli*. They are very beautiful, but not more ſo than the ten inſcribed *Divo Antonino et D. Fauſtinæ*, which form a kind of portico to *S. Lorenzo in Miranda*; or than the noble

* Two temples were erected upon that ſpot to *Jupiter*; the one by *Romulus* for his victory over the *Cænicenſes*, the other by *Tarquinius Priſcus* for his ſucceſs in the war againſt the *Sabines*. Livy I. p. 22. 76. Edit. *Crevieri*. To which of them theſe columns belonged, is a diſputed point.

groups in the *forum Romanum*,* remnants of the ſeveral temples of *Jupiter Stator*, *Jupiter Tonans* &c.

ALTHOUGH I wiſh to avoid a tireſome detail, I cannot paſs over a temple, in tolerably good preſervation, at *Tivoli*, or, as it was anciently denominated, *Tibur*. A double row of fluted columns ſurrounded the body which is circular, and formed a ſort of portico's. Eighteen of them are ſtill ſtanding, and conſidering that they are of the *Corinthian* order, it is not a little ſingular that the frize ſhould be decorated, after the *Doric* manner, with the heads of oxen and rams, connected by feſtoons. The words

—— *E. L. Cellio. L. F.*

an imperfect piece of the inſcription, are interpreted by *Volpi*, *Curante Lucio Cellio*, *Lucii filio*. This temple is ſo well proportioned, that *Volterra*, and *Michael Angelo* are ſaid to have copied many parts of it in the fabric of *St. Peter's*, and the *Farneſe* palace.

* This *forum*, once the great theatre of eloquence, is now a part of the *campo Vaccino*, or market for cattle.

IT

It is uncertain by whom it was built: the materials are *Tiburtine* ſtone, covered, in ſo dextrous a manner, with *ſtucco*, as to paſs at firſt ſight for marble.* Some think that it was dedicated to *Veſta*, ſome to *Tiburtinus*, and others to *Tuſſis*, or cough, becauſe the inhabitants of *Tibur* were ſubject to colds; but it's ſituation on the top of a hill, facing the roaring caſcade formed by the *præceps Anio*, now the *Teveroni*, favors the idea of Mr. Byres, the Engliſh Antiquarian reſident at this place, that *Horace* alludes to it, when he ſpeaks of the *domus Albuneæ reſonantis*. *Lactantius* obſerves that *Albunea* was the name of the *Tiburtine Sybil*. The commom appellation of the *Sybil's* temple ſeems, therefore, to be well choſen.

Uninclosed Altars, though they led the way to ſuch as were confined, firſt within

* The temple of *Fortuna virilis*, has the ſame coat; ſo indeed have many others.

chapels and afterwards the moſt coſtly temples, ſtill continued in uſe. They were placed any where, but generally upon mountains. There was an infinite number of this kind in every Pagan country.

THE altars, preſerved in this city, are of all ſhapes and ſizes, and uſually ornamented with figures, in *bas releif*, of Divinities, and *Genii*. Moſt of them are inſcribed *Genio ſacrum*, and the reaſon ſeems obvious. Every individual offered ſacrifice to his *Genius*, or, in other words, to the power which was ſuppoſed to rule his concerns.

ALTARS, whether conſtructed in the open air, or not, were regarded with the ſame veneration as the temples, and ſtatues of the Gods; becauſe they were alike ſuppoſed to contain the divine preſence. *There* treaties of peace were ratified.

Poſt iidem, inter ſe poſito certamine, reges
Armati Jovis ante aras, pateraſque tenentes
Stabant, et cæſâ firmabant fœdera porcâ. Æn. VIII. 640.

There alſo, as might be made appear from many authorities, marriages were ſolemnized,

lemnized, public repaſts celebrated, and almoſt every affair of importance tranſacted.

In the *Campidoglio* is an altar, on one ſide of which are repreſented two princes, with heads uncovered, and hands claſped in each other. Does not this *bas relief* remind you of the following paſſage in the Latin poet?

Juncta eſt mihi fœdere dextra. Æn. VIII. 169.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXX.

.....

To Thomas Jones Eſqr.

Rome, November 23*d*. 1784.

DEAR SIR.

Of the Sepulchres, Urns, and Sarcophagi.

THE *Romans* were accuſtomed from the earlieſt period, to bury their dead at ſome diſtance from the city. The only exception was in favor of the *Veſtal* virgins, and a few families deſcended from ſome very diſtinguiſhed character. To guard againſt the danger of fire, and to preſerve the air free from infection, were not the only motives. Superſtition had it's ſhare. Every city was dedicated to one or other of the heavenly Gods, and it was believed that the touch of a corpſe would pollute the ſacred walls.

PLACES

PLACES of burial were either private, or public.

THE dead belonging to the ſuperior claſs were either burnt, * and their aſhes and bones collected into an urn; or placed whole in a ſarcophagus, or ſtone coffin. *Both* theſe were put into the private ſepulchre of the family, which was generally erected in ſuch parts of their fields, or gardens, as were neareſt to the public road. The funeral monuments, ſtill extant, prove that many perſons of note were depoſited by the ſide of the *Appian* way. *Cicero*, in the

* According to *Plutarch*, the *Romans* did not burn the body of *Numa*, becauſe he had given an order to the contrary; this ſhews that burning was in uſe before his time. *Pliny* in the 7th. book of his Natural Hiſtory chap. 54. aſſerts, that the cuſtom of burning was not very antient among the *Romans*. How irreconcileable are the accounts of theſe two authors, the former of whom lived in favor with *Trajan*, the latter with *Veſpaſian* and *Titus!* But it is indiſputable, that the practice of burning, whenever it commenced, ceaſed under the reign of the *Antonines*, and that many families, during the interval, choſe rather to inter their dead.

firſt book of his *Tuſculan Queſtions*, has told us who they were. *An tu egreſſus portâ Capenâ, cum Calatini, Scipionum, Serviliorum, Metellorum ſepulchra vides, miſeros putas illos?* The great approaches to ancient *Rome*, however gloomy, may not unfrequently have been uſeful in reminding the unthinking paſſenger of his mortality.

THE Senate ſometimes decreed a public burial, in memory of a perſon who had been eminently uſeful to his country. The *campus Martius* was the ſpot uſually aſſigned.* Was it not found policy by proclaiming the national gratitude to animate the candidates for glory? A public burying place was, likewiſe, allotted to the inferior denominations of men. The *Uſtrinæ publicæ*, the veſtiges of which are ſo ruinous that they cannot be deſcribed, were ſituated in the *campo Eſquilino*, then not a part of the city. *Here* the bodies of the loweſt claſs were caſt into the *puticuli; there* thoſe of

* It was not incloſed within the walls till the time of the emperor *Aurelian*.

the

the middling were burnt, and the remains left upon the ground.

HAVING divided places of burial into private, and public, I ſhall obſerve the ſame order in my account of the principal ſepulchres.

AT ſome diſtance from the *porta Lavernalis*,* and near to the *via Oſtienſis*, ſtands the ſepulchre of *Caius Ceſtius*. It is a quadrangular pyramid, built of brick, and covered with large flat ſquares of marble; and is in height 113 feet, excluſive of the baſe, which meaſures 86 feet, 3 inches ſquare. The origin of it's form may be ſeen in the comment of *Servius* on the following paſſage,

———*fuit ingens monte ſub alto*
Regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere buſtum. Æn. 11. 85.

"*Apud majores*," ſays he, "*nobiles aut ſub montibus altis, aut in ipſis montibus ſepeliebantur, unde natum eſt ut ſuper cadavera aut piramides fierent, aut ingentes col-*

* The city is ſo enlarged, that in ſhewing a building to have been formerly on the outſide of it, I cannot but have recourſe to the antient precincts.

locarentur

locarentur columnæ. It appears from the ſeveral inſcriptions, one of which is preſerved in the *Campidoglio*, that *Caius Ceſtius* was one of the ſeven *Epulones* appointed to conduct the feaſts of the Gods; that his heirs, and one *Lucius Ceſtius* to whom *M. Agrippa* had given what was left to himſelf, completed this pyramid in 330 days; and that the expences were in part paid with the money, which aroſe "*ex venditione Attalicorum, quæ iis per edictum Ædilis in ſepulcrum inferre non licuit.*" In the *Roman*, as well as *Greek* funerals, the moſt expenſive ornaments were either thrown into the flames, or laid in the urn,* or ſarcophagus. *Polybius* mentions many inſtances of Generals buried in their military attire. *Plutarch* ſtates, that *Cato* the younger burnt a vaſt quantity of rich perfumes and coſtly garments with the corpſe of his

* In the *Campidoglio*, is an urn, which was diſcovered in 1744. A kind of petrified balſam, a ring of gold, an emerald, and a grenat, were mixed among the bones.

brother

brother *Cæpio*. A law, ſimilar to that made by *Solon* to reſtrain the prodigality of the *Athenians* on ſuch occaſions, was added to the *Roman* code. The *Edile*, who had a power of inforcing it by his own edict, interpoſed in this inſtance to prevent the waſte of the *Attalic* robes. Rich and laced garments were thus called from *Attalus*, King of *Pergamus*, who was the inventor of thoſe, and many other luxuries introduced after the *Aſiatic* war, in the year of *Rome* 564. A ſmall door at the bottom opens into a chamber. Many of the paintings upon the ſtucco, which is divided into ſmall compartments, are effaced; but thoſe which are diſtinct, repreſent, in colors ſcarcely faded, women beautiful in their figures, and eaſy in their attitude, the moſt elegant vaſes, and other things which relate to his office as *Epulo*. This ſepulchre, which was reſtored by the care of Pope *Alexander* the VII, is the moſt ſtriking piece of remains in its kind, of which *Rome* can boaſt

boaſt. It is now a burying place for the *Engliſh*, and other Proteſtants.

THE ſepulchre of *Cecilia Metella* is in better preſervation, than any of the other which lie beyond the *porta Capena*, on the *Appian* road. It is a maſſy ſtructure of great height, and bears the appearance of a citadel. The *Tiburtine* ſtone, with which it was covered, has been removed by rapacious hands. It has received the modern name of *capo di bove*, either becauſe the frize is adorned with ſkulls of oxen placed between wreaths of flowers, or becauſe a marble head of that animal is to be ſeen over the door of ſome buildings, which were added at the time it was converted into a fortreſs, and are now in ruins. I learn from the following inſcription,

Cæciliæ
Q. Cretici F.
Metellæ
Craſſi

that it was erected by *Craſſus* in memory of his wife *Metella*, daughter of *Metellus*, ſirnamed *Creticus* from having taken the

the iſland of *Crete*. In the chamber beneath was diſcovered the large, and richly wrought urn, which contained the aſhes, and is now to be ſeen in the court of the *Farneſe* palace.

THE remains of the mauſoleum, which Auguſtus erected in the *campus Martius* between the *via Flaminia*, aud the *Tiber*, form a conſiderable part of a modern amphitheatre for the exhibition of public ſhews.

THE mauſoleum of *Adrian*, called *moles Adriana*, was built by that emperor on the oppoſite banks of the river, at a ſtill greater diſtance from the city. It was uſed, at different times, by *Beliſarius*, the *Greeks*, and the *Goths*, as a fortreſs, and at length fell into the hands of *Narſes*, ſent by the Emperor *Juſtinian* againſt *Totila*. In theſe ſeveral wars the ſtatues &c. were broken, and thrown on the heads of the aſſailants. During the pontificate of *Gregory* the Great reigned a moſt deſtructive peſt. An angel hovered over this building, and

was

was ſeen (as the ſtory goes) to return a ſword into the ſheath, indicating that the wrath of heaven was appeaſed, and that the fatal havoc ſhould ceaſe. The pre-ter-natural viſit was well interpreted, and the plague no longer raged; ſince which period the name of *Moles Adriana* has been changed for *Caſtello St. Angelo*, and the ſtatue of an angel placed upon the top. *Boniface* the IX. was the firſt who reduced it to the *form* of a citadel; many of the ſucceeding Popes furniſhed it with baſtions, foſſes, and all ſorts of arms. It is now the principal, if not only defence of the city: but I am of opinion that it could not make a ſtubborn reſiſtance even in the hands of better ſoldiers, than the modern *Romans*.

THIS mauſoleum was built in imitation of that of *Auguſtus*. In the middle of the lower part, which was ſquare, aroſe a lofty round tower incruſted with *Parian* marble. On the outſide were various pieces of ſculpture, ſuch as men, horſes, and

and cars; and on the top, a pine apple, in *bronze*, which is ſaid to have contained the aſhes of the Emperor. * The only veſtiges of this grand ſtructure, are the large ſtones which ſerved as the foundation.

A SEPULCHRE, nearly of the ſame form and ſize as that of *Cecilia Metella*, ſtands by the ſide of the *via Tiburtina*, about two miles diſtant from *Tibur*. One of the inſcriptions denotes it to have been raiſed by the *Senate* in memory of *Plautius*, on account of his victories.

Huic Senatus triumphalia ornamenta decrevit
ob res in Illyrico bene geſtas.

THE other is in ſo ſmall characters as to be ſcarcely legible. This is the only exiſting *public* ſepulchre, an honor the more valuable, as it was but rarely granted. It appears to have been very coſtly, and no doubt it was ſo, being intended to expreſs the high opinion which the Senate enter-

* See the firſt book of *Procopius* on the *Gothic* wars.

tained

tained of the military atchievements of *Plautius*. Though the ſtatues, and caſing of marble have, as uſual, been applied to ſome modern uſe, the trunks of ſix large columns leave a ſufficient idea of it's priſtine magnificence. The round tower ſpeaks the alteration made by the *Goths*. The reaſon that the aſhes of this illuſtrious man ſleep not in the *campus Martius*, or near the *Appian* road among the *Scipio's* and *Metelli*, ſeems to be, that he had a villa and eſtate in the neighborhood of *Tibur*.

A SEPULCHRE of a curious form ſtands by the ſide of the *Appian* road near *Alba*, or *Albano*. Upon what occaſion it was built, I know not. The lower part, which is ſquare, ſupported five towers. Three of them are ſtill ſtanding. There is alternately a layer of ſmall ſtones cemented together by red dirt, and of large flat ſtones which were probably uſed for the purpoſe of keeping the other part more firm and compact. It is commonly called the ſepulchre of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, who

are

are ſaid to be laid in the ſame tomb. The five towers are ſuppoſed to have an alluſion to the five ſlain, the three *Curiatii*, and two *Horatii*. But *Livy* in his firſt book completely overthrows this conjecture. *Sepulcra extant quo quiſque loco cecidit: duo Romana uno loco propius Albam, tria Albana verſus Romam, ſed diſtantia locis &c.* Others inſiſt that this is the ſepulchre of *Pompey*, all of whoſe family are certainly buried at *Albano*. The five towers are conſtrued to allude to his five *Egyptian* victories. Were it not for this fortunate coincidence of number, the advocates of this notion would, perhaps, be deprived of their only argument.

THE URNS and SARCOPHAGI are adorned with *bas releifs;* but the latter, as Mr. Addiſon juſtly obſerves, ſeldom have them on every ſide. As they were fixed on high within the walls of the ſepulchral chamber, ſo that one ſide only could be ſeen; it would have been uſeleſs to caſt away

ſculpture upon parts which were hidden from ſight.

THE brevity of human life, and a future ſtate of retribution are well exhibited upon an urn in the *Campidoglio*. The figures of *Cupid* and *Pſyche* united in a cloſe embrace, denote the junction of the ſoul with the body. The four elements neceſſary to human exiſtence are perſonified thus: Air is repreſented by *Œolus*, king of the winds, in the act of blowing; Water by a river-god reclined, with a prow in his hand; Fire by the forge of *Vulcan;* Earth by a tree laden with fruit, and a woman with a cornucopia in her hand and a baſket under her arm, both full of the various productions of nature. The figures of *Apollo* and *Diana* in their reſpective cars, declare that man's life is ſcarcely longer than the interval between the riſing and going down of the ſun. Under the car of *Diana* is a carcaſe, a little above which a butterfly, with extended wings, indicates the parting ſoul. A weeping Genius, who holds an extinguiſhed torch pointed

pointed downwards, and a chaplet of flowers, ſeems to ſay, my fire is ſpent, my bloom is withered. In the hands of another Genius is an open volume, in which heroic actions are regiſtered, and the memory of them preſerved after death. *Pſyche* conducted by *Mercury* to the *Elyſian* fields, is emblematical of the happineſs enjoyed by the good in the next world. The fate of the wicked is exemplified by *Prometheus*, whoſe bowels are gnawed by a vulture. The deſign is admirable, but the ſculpture is very indifferent. It is not known whoſe aſhes were contained in this urn.

In the palace of *Barberini* is a ſarcophagus of an oblong oval. One third of a male and female figure is incloſed in a circle, in which are marked the ſigns of the *Zodiac:* two of the ſeaſons are on one ſide, and two on the other. The natural conſtruction is, that in this coffin were laid the bodies of a man and his wife, whoſe love and happineſs were as uninterrupted as the courſe of the ſeaſons.

THERE are many other *bas releifs* no leſs intereſting. With what pleaſure did I view them until I diſcovered their emblematick meaning! But why ſo many of them repreſent *Endimion* and *Diana*, *Meleager* and the *Boar*, the rape of *Proſerpine*, or (what is ſtill more common) an indecent group of *Bacchanalian* woman, and *Satyrs*, I am quite at a loſs to underſtand. Mr. Addiſon ſuppoſes that when firſt choſen, the application was forcible; that the idea then grew faſhionable, and was made uſe of on all occaſions. I know not whether this cauſe be more ſatisfactory, than the humorous explanation of an Iriſh gentleman, with whom I contracted an acquaintance at *Rome*. The world, ſaid he, was then, as now: the majority of mankind were either Hunters, Drunkards, or Fornicators. Thus the funeral ornaments bear a relation to the lives of the deceaſed. I might have aſked him, would their relations have liked to expoſe their vices?

I AM better pleaſed to ſee all the figures on the ſame line. When they are numerous, they are placed one above another.

Men

Men ſtanding upon the heads of others, who are unconcerned and occupied in their own buſineſs, and horſes galloping over other horſes and their riders, diſguſt by offending againſt nature.

AFTER having expatiated ſo largely upon the *heathen* ſepulchres, it will naturally be expected that I ſhould beſtow a few words on the *Catacombs*, or place of refuge where the firſt *Chriſtians* retired to ſhelter themſelves againſt perſecution, and where after their deceaſe their bodies were depoſited. * I was attended by the monk who has a perquiſite for ſhewing them, and three other men. We each carried in our hand a lighted wax candle, leſt one or two ſhould accidentally be blown out. The paſſages are ſo narrow and winding, that even with a light, none but a perſon who had been uſed to them, could be certain of

* I have followed the common account. Bp. Burnet thinks that theſe catacombs, as well as thoſe of *Naples*, were not the repoſitories of the martyrs, but burying places of the heathen. *Travels*, p. 201. &c. Whoever wiſhes to enter into the queſtion, may there ſee it fully treated.

his

his return. My guide informed me that through the intricate tracts of these catacombs a journey may be made one way to *St. Peter's*, another to *Frascati*, and a third to *Tivoli*, either of which last is at least sixteen miles distant. In the winter he intended to take the trip himself. I advised him not to risque it, but he said he was sure that he could effect it. Should he attempt it, there is reason to apprehend that he will meet with the fate of the *Roman* Bishop and his servant, who, suffering their curiosity to lead them too far, found a tomb among the martyrs. I was under ground about an hour. The excavations form several stories of chambers connected with each other by stair-cases, on the sides of which are niches, which received the dead. The chambers lie one within the other, and are very low, and narrow. Many, which have the appearance of chapels, were probably appropriated to the performance of religious duties.

Yours &c.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq,

Naples, December 21ſt. 1785.

HON^D. SIR.

Of the Columns.

THE ſepulchres of the ancient *Romans* are not all ſo coſtly, as thoſe of *Caius Ceſtius* and *Cecilia Metella*. The uſual monument was a ſingle column, which, if the body were burnt, was hollow at the top for the purpoſe of receiving an urn containing the aſhes. If the deceaſed were a perſon of diſtinction, it was large; if one of the common people, it was ſmall and termed *cippus*. There are ſeveral of this latter ſort, with the urns which belonged to them, in the *Campidoglio*. They are decorated with *bas releifs*, the ſubjects

of which are ſimilar to thoſe upon urns and ſarcophagi, and on their baſe is an inſcription, denoting in whoſe memory they were reared.

But this was not the only uſe, to which columns were put by the ancient *Romans*. They ſerved to immortalize public virtue, to mark the diſtances between place and place, to ſave from oblivion the number of ſoldiers, and the order obſerved, upon a military expedition &c &c.

The celebrated *Trajan*, and *Antonine* columns, which are ſeen from almoſt every part of *Rome* and its environs, have been ſingularly fortunate in preſerving their original ſituation.

The *Trajan* was erected by the ſenate to commemorate the victories of that emperor in *Dacia*, all which are inſcribed in *bas releif*. It was commenced whilſt he was engaged in a war againſt the *Parthians*, but not finiſhed until after his death. On the point of returning to *Rome*, he was attacked with a dyſentery, which proved fatal;

fatal; ſo that he never beheld the magnificence either of the column or forum called by his name.

THE column is about 109 feet high, and ſo well proportioned that it ſeems to run up in the form of a cone. It is hollow, and has within a ſpiral ſtaircaſe, which conſiſts of 185 ſteps, and is illumined with 43 little windows. On the top, the ſtatue of *St: Peter* has ſucceeded to that of *Trajan*, which had in one hand a ſceptre, and in the other a globe containing his aſhes.* The *bas releifs* which can be diſtinguiſhed, mark the hand of a ſkilful artiſt; but although the ſize of the figures increaſes in proportion to their diſtance, all but the four or five firſt ranks are a confuſed maſs. What an injudicious expenditure of national money!

THE *Antonine* column is, like the *Trajan*, compoſed of marble, but ſeven feet higher; and of courſe it's ſtaircaſe conſiſts of a great-

* *Eutropius* in the 8th book obſerves, that of all the emperors *Trajan* alone was *intra urbem ſepultus*.

er

er number of ſteps. But notwithſtanding it's ſuperior altitude, it is not ſo much to be admired. It is larger, inſtead of ſmaller, towards the top; and the *bas releifs* are indifferent both in deſign, and execution. The ſtatue of the Emperor, with which it was crowned, has been exchanged for that of *St: Paul.* That it was not completed until the tenth year of the reign of *Marcus Antoninus* is certain, for the ſubject of one of the *bas releifs* is his war with the *Marcomani.* *Some* think that it was begun by the ſenate during the reign of *Marcus Antoninus* in memory of *Antoninus Pius,* his predeceſſor; but not finiſhed until the time of *Commodus: others,* that the honor was intended, not for *Antoninus Pius,* but for *Marcus Antoninus.* The ancient medal, a drawing of which is given in *Nardini,* ſpeaks ſtrong language. This ſame column is repreſented with an inſcription *Divo Pio.* But it muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged, that to adorn the monument of a deceaſed emperor with the gallant exploits of

of his ſucceſſor, appears a ſtrange proceeding, adapted only to raiſe doubt in the minds of poſterity, and thus to defeat the object of ſecuring to their lamented hero the applauſe of future ages.

THE firſt naval victory of the *Romans*, was gained by *Caius Duilius* in a battle with the *Carthagians*, 261 years before Chriſt. For his behavior on that day he obtained a triumph, and was honored with a roſtral column in the *forum*. It is of the *Tuſcan* order, and made of *Parian* marble; is from ten to twelve feet in height, and decorated with anchors. The prows originally affixed to it's ſides, were taken from the ſhips of the enemy; but they are now, not metal, but marble. On the top is a ſtatue of *Rome* triumphant. This valuable piece of antiquity is preſerved in the *Campidoglio*.

IN the ſame excellent repoſitory may be ſeen the *miliarium*. According to *Dion* lib. 54, it was erected by *Auguſtus*, at that time *Curator viarum*, and placed in the *forum*, whence,

whence as from a centre, the diſtances of the ſeveral cities, &c. of the empire were reckoned by other *miliaria*, diſpoſed on the high roads. The number of miles to the various parts of *Italy*, was engraved upon it. By *Tacitus* and *Suetonius* it is called *miliarum aureum;* by *Plutarch*, *columna aurea*. It muſt have taken that name, either becauſe the whole, or at leaſt the globe on the top,* was covered with gold. It is made of white marble, and reſembles a ſhort, and thick cylinder. The baſe and capital are *Tuſcan*. This method of meaſuring diſtance by columns, may have given riſe to the uſe of mile-ſtones in *Europe*.

REMEMBER me to all.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LET-

* The globe was probably intended to compliment *Rome*, as the miſtreſs of the world.

LETTER. XXXII.

.....

To Iſaac Hobhouſe Eſq.

Naples, December 26*th*. 1785

DEAR BROTHER.

Of the Triumphal Arches, and Trophies.

ARCHES, though ſometimes granted by the ſenate merely from adulatory motives, were, in general, the reward of valor. Upon their introduction, which was almoſt coeval with *Rome* itſelf, they conſiſted of one arch only, and were quite plain; but in proceſs of time they were formed of a large arch with a ſmall one on each ſide, and ornamented. Winged victories, with a branch of palm in one hand and a wreath in the other, are common to all of them. The other *bas releifs* relate to the exploits of the *triumpher*.

It would be tedious to deſcribe all the arches ſtill ſtanding at *Rome*. Thoſe of *Titus*, *Septimius Severus*, and *Conſtantine*, command moſt attention.

The arch of *Titus* was deſigned to tranſmit to poſterity his conqueſt of *Jeruſalem*. The inſcription, which was found at no great diſtance from it in the time of *Faunus*, and is ſuppoſed to belong to the front which looks towards the *forum*, has the following words.

——*et urbem Hieroſolymam delevit.*

Upon one of the *bas releifs* are men carrying the *candelabrum ſeptiluſtre*, or candleſtick with ſeven branches, and other ſpoils of *Jeruſalem*. As this inſcription has not the word *Divus* annexed to *Titus*, it is argued that this arch was not erected during the life of that emperor; but ſurely nothing can be inferred from that circumſtance, ſince the inſcription upon the front towards the *coliſeo*, runs thus:

Senatus populuſque Romanus
Divo Tito &c.

Thoſe

Thoſe who think that the arch was completed in the reign of *Titus*, follow *Angeloni* in ſaying, that it was the cuſtom of that day to ſtyle living emperors *Divi*; and therefore that neither this title, nor the *bas releif* of his *Apotheoſis*, is any argument againſt their opinion. But why ſhould one inſcription have the term *Divus*, and the other be without it? The ſame queſtion may be aſked of thoſe, who aſſert that the arch was voted by the ſenate in the reign of *Trajan*, the ſucceſſor of *Titus*. Perhaps the truth may be, that it was begun, and one of the inſcriptions placed, during the life of *Titus*; but that it was finiſhed, and the other inſcription added, after his deceaſe.

It never had more than one arch, which is ſtill ſtanding, but in a ruinous condition. As the architecture is good, and the *bas releifs* executed in a ſuperior manner, the havoc of time affords ſerious cauſe for regret.

Septimius Severus, who flouriſhed in the beginning

beginning of the 3*d.* century, obtained many victories over the *Parthians* and *Arabs*, on which account an arch was erected by the ſenate, at the foot of the *Capitoline* hill. Among the vices of *Caracalla* envy was by no means the moſt inconſiderable, ſo that, after the death of his father *Severus*, he eraſed, (as we are informed by *Spartianus*,) the name of his brother *Geta* from all the public monuments. The inſcription of this, as well as of the other arch of *Severus* * in the *forum Bovarium*, appears to have ſhared the common fate.†

THE form of it is an oblong ſquare; in the middle is a large arch between two ſmaller: both the fronts have each four fluted columns of the *Corinthian* order, and numerous *bas releifs* repreſenting the heroic

* It was built by the Silver-ſmiths and Dealers in cattle, for ſome ſervices which, I ſuppoſe, he had rendered to them; but little of it remains.

† See *Nardini*, p. 240: 270.

actions

actions of *Severus*. The figures are greatly mutilated, but the moſt perfect are two winged Victories ſupporting two large trophies, and two *Genii* bearing frankincenſe, flowers, corn &c, the proffers of ſubjugated provinces. The whole is beautiful white marble, but the ſculpture is very indifferent. The effect of this magnificent building is loſt, the baſes of the columns, and almoſt one half of the great arch, being buried.

THE arch of *Conſtantine*, which is almoſt entire, I have reſerved unto the laſt, with a view to deſcribe it more particularly. It ſtands between mount *Celius*, and *Palatine*, and is in form like to that of *Severus*. The eight ſtatues, one of which ſtands upon each *Corinthian* column, were robbed of their *ancient* heads by *Lorenzo de Medicis*, and furniſhed with *new* by *Clement* the XII.

IT is thought to have been built immediately after the defeat of *Maxentius* at the *Pons Milvius*, now *Ponte Molle*, becauſe *Conſtantine* is ſtyled in the inſcriptions the

avenger of the republic, and the deliverer of the city. But it is to be conſidered that he is, likewiſe, ſtyled *Maximus;* a title which according to *Panvinius*, was not beſtowed upon him until the latter end of his reign. Suppoſe *Panvinius* to have made good his aſſertion, I cannot think that the arch was begun ſoon after the victory, and not finiſhed until the reign of *Conſtantine* was nearly terminated; for he ſat upon the throne 32 years. If it were commenced towards the concluſion of his life, it was not unnatural for the people to make the overthrow of *Maxentius* the object of their celebration. The deſtruction of the *Tyrant*, was the ſource of their happineſs. The words *Fundatori quietis* certainly ſeem to imply, that it was at leaſt *not finiſhed*, until *ſome years* after the deciſive battle at the *Pons Milvius*.

As the arts were at a low ebb in the age of *Conſtantine*, thoſe parts of the ſculpture which were executed at the time, are of very ordinary workmanſhip. Many of the *bas reliefs* are taken from the arch of *Tra-*

jan

jan which ſtood in the *forum* called by his name, and deſerve to be praiſed both for deſign and execution.

UNDER the middle of the great arch is *Trajan* riding over the fallen, and levelling a ſpear at his enemies.

ON the north front are—1. the ſame Emperor in a curule chair amid the nobility &c, and at his feet the young *Partamaſiris* without his crown, intreating to be put in poſſeſſion of the throne of *Armenia*, which had been taken from his father *Pacorus*—2. the ſame Emperor mounted in a pulpit, clothed in his *toga*, and ſurrounded with Senators—3. a woman reclining, half uncovered, and leaning on the wheel of a coach; emblems of a road which *Trajan* made to *Brundiſium*, or *Brindiſi*—4. *Trajan* offering to *Rome* the vaſt dominions he had conquered. Victory hovering over him, preſents him with a crown of laurel—5. Four ovals between the columns, repreſenting various chaſes, of which, ac-

cording to the teſtimony of *Pliny*, *Trajan* was very fond.

On the ſouth front are—1. The ſame Emperor at the famous place of *Creſiphon*. *Partenaſpes*, who expects to be crowned King of the *Parthians*, attends in his robes, the *Roman* ſoldiers bear the ſeveral *inſignia* of victory—2. a fugitive, who ſent into *Miſia* to kill *Trajan*, reveals to him the plot of *Decebalus*—3. *Trajan* addreſſing his ſoldiers—4. the ſame emperor with uncovered head and a cup in his hand, in the attitude of offering the ſacrifice of a bull to *Jupiter*, a hog to *Mars*, and a ſheep to *Janus Quirinus*. Theſe ſacrifices were called *Suevotaurilia*—5. Four ovals: the firſt, a ſacrifice to *Hercules;* the ſecond, Hunters with their dogs and horſes; the third, a ſacrifice to *Diana;* the fourth, a chaſe of the wild boar.

I am aware that *Nardini* doubts, whether the *bas releifs* I have deſcribed, were taken from the arch of *Trajan*, or from ſome other ancient monument; but they correſpond ſo well with the actions, and

diſpoſition

diſpoſition of that emperor, that I have choſen to follow the common opinion.

BESIDES the inſcription, you may read the words VOTIS X. VOTIS XX, which are often to be ſeen on ancient coins. For the ſake of explanation I muſt carry you back to the reign of *Auguſtus*. The *Romans* held in odium the very name of kingly power. *Tarquin* gave them the firſt diſguſt, and *Julius Cæſar* was murdered, becauſe he aſpired to a crown. *Auguſtus*, to remove ſuſpicion, accepted the empire for ten years; at the end of which the people offered their *vota*, and requeſted him to continue it for the ſame term. For this reaſon they are called *vota decennalia*. Sometimes the people extended their prayer to double the period. Theſe words VOTIS X. VOTIS XX, as well as the others SIC. X. SIC. XX, lead us to one of three concluſions; and which is the moſt probable I leave you to judge. Either the form of ſurrendering the crown at the end of a given time, and taking it

back from the hands of the people, prevailed in the time of *Conſtantine;* or theſe *vota*, originally intended for the ſecurity of liberty, were become no more than expreſſions at ſtated intervals, of the public wiſh for the health and preſervation of their prince; or the ſtones thus inſcribed, originally belonged to a more ancient ſtructure.

ALMOST all the triumphal arches are ſituated in the ſame quarter, that the hero upon whom the honor of a triumph was conferred, might paſs under them in his way to the Capitol, where thanks for his ſucceſs were offered to *Jupiter*. Hence the three before mentioned arches, are not very diſtant from each other.

THE erection of TROPHIES was another mode among the ancient *Romans*, of honoring a conqueror. There are two of marble in the court of the Capitol, which are extremely beautiful. A trunk covered

ed with corſlets, ſhields, and other arms, is their form. They were removed from a building which belonged to the *Martian* aqueduct; and becauſe that part of the country was called *Cimbri*, are thought to have been raiſed in celebration of the victory, which *Marius* obtained about the ſame time, over the *Cimbri*, and *Teutones*. This is ſtrong evidence in the judgment of *Nardini*, but *Bellori* thinks, that theſe trophies owe their origin to *Trajan's* conqueſts in *Dacia*, and were placed upon the before mentioned aqueduct, becauſe that emperor had conſiderably improved it. The workmanſhip reſembles the ſculpture of that period: the trophies in the *bas releifs* upon *Trajan's* pillar are decorated with the ſame military inſtruments: upon theſe circumſtances, and an attentive inveſtigation of medals, he grounds his opinion.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXIII.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Naples, January *7th.* 1785.

HOND. SIR.

Of the Bridges, and Aqueducts.

THE bridges in *Rome* and its neighborhood, fail not to bring to mind the great battles, which were formerly fought upon thoſe paſſes into the city.

THE following are thrown over the *Tiber*, or *Tevere*.

1. THE *ponte Sublicio* was anciently called *Sublicius*, becauſe formed entirely of wood. It was conſtructed, according to *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, by *Ancus Martius*, to render the communication eaſy between the people *cis, et trans Tiberim*. *Livy* obſerves that it was made of wood, and put together without nails, that

that in caſe of an attack, it might be removed. On this bridge was diſplayed the valor of *Horatius Cocles*. *Porſena*, King of the *Etruſci*, had ſurpriſed the *Romans*, and would have croſſed it but for *Cocles*, who kept at bay the whole army of the enemy, whilſt the *Romans* behind him cut the bridge into two parts. *Cocles* afterwards plunged into the river, and reached the ſhore unhurt. *Æmilius Lepidus* repaired it, and hence it frequently went by his name. Who he was, cannot be determined: but it is certain that he lived at, or before the time of *Domitian*.* Under *Veſpaſian* and *Antoninus*, it appears ſtill to have been of wood; but in after-ages it was rebuilt with ſtone. A part of it has been borne away by the torrent; the ruins of the other part are ſtill ſtanding in the middle of the river. The body of *Heliogabalus* was thrown from this bridge, with a ſtone tied to his neck.

* *Cum tibi vicinum ſe præbeat Æmilius pons. Juvenal Sat.* VI.

THE

2. THE *pons Palatinus*, as it appears by *Livy*,* was begun by *Fulvius* the Cenſor, and completed by *Scipio Africanus*, and *Livius Mummius*. It was probably called *Palatinus*, from its ſituation oppoſite to that hill. Some contend that it's ancient name was *Senatorius*, but why I cannot learn. The modern appellation is *Ponte di S. Maria*, either on account of it's vicinity to the little church of *S. Maria*, or of a mighty deed performed in the 5*th*. century, by the wonder-working image of the bleſſed virgin. The rich ornaments of this ſtatue, tempted a ſet of irreligious rogues to run away with it. After having ſtripped it of the jewels, and other valuables, they tied a ſtone round the neck, and threw it from the bridge of *St. Angelo* into the river. It ſank, it roſe again and ſwam to the *pons Palatinus*, where it ſtopped. Hence the bridge took the name of

* Book 10 Dec. 4

on

St. Maria; and within a chapel which was built upon it, the ſtatue was placed, and ever afterwards received more than double adoration. If the image were made of wood, there is no need of interpoſing a miracle. It might by the ſlipping of the cord be ſeparated from the ſtone, and mount to the ſurface. That is was made of wood is not an unnatural conjecture: for if of metal, think you that the thieves would have caſt it away? Perhaps it was made of wood painted over, or caſed with metal of which it was plundered together with its decorations. This bridge was rebuilt by *Gregory* XIII in 1575, and becauſe two of the arches were broken down by the inundation of 1598, and never repaired, the common people uſually term it *Ponte rotto.*

3 and 4. Two bridges croſs ſeparate branches of the river, and connect the iſland of *Bartolomeo,* formly *Licaonia,* with different parts of the city. We learn from the

the inſcription, that the one was built by *Fabricius*, the other by *Ceſtius;* but who they were, or when they lived, cannot be diſcovered. The *Pons Fabricius* goes by the name of *Quattro Capi*, from a four-headed figure of *Janus* which is placed near it. The *Pons Ceſtius* is called *S. Bartolomeo*, from its vicinity to the church of that iſland.

5. I CANNOT aſcertain when the *Pons Janiculenſis* was firſt built. It was probably ſo denominated, from affording a communication with the *Janiculum*. It is now called *Siſto*, becauſe it was reſtored from the very foundation by *Sixtus* the IV, who laid the firſt ſtone.

6. THERE are a few veſtiges of the *pons triumphalis*. It is ſaid to have been ſo called, becauſe the uſe of it excluſively belonged to triumphers, their deſcendants, and ſome illuſtrious families; but perhaps it was becauſe the triumphal proceſſion always paſſed that way to the Capitol.

For

For no other reaſon could the arch, which ſtood at the end of the bridge, but of which no trace is left behind, have been diſtinguiſhed by the *general* term *triumphalis*, from thoſe in honor of ſome *particular* hero: for no other reaſon could the ſame appellation have been given to the *campus Vaticanus*. This bridge went alſo by the name of *Vaticanus*, becauſe it united that, with the other part of the city.

7. The *pons Œlius* was built by the emperor *Œlius Adrianus*, probably for the ſake of forming a paſſage to his *mauſoleum*. *Fecit et ſui nominis pontem, et ſepulchrum juxta Tiberim*, ſays *Spartianus*. Many repairs, embelliſhments, and additions were made in ſubſequent times. How the *mauſoleum* became a fortreſs, and was called *Caſtello St. Angelo*, I have already informed you. The bridge took the name of *St. Angelo* at the ſame time.

8. The *pons Milvius* ſtood, where now ſtands the *Ponte Molle*. It was conſtructed by *Marcus Œmilius Scaurus*. *Milvius* is a corruption

ruption of *Œmilius*, and *Molle* of *Milvius*. It was impoſſible to paſs this bridge without recalling the deciſive victory of *Conſtantine* over *Maxentius*, and the well contrived ſtratagem by which he animated his ſoldiers, of affecting to ſee in the air a croſs inſcribed with theſe words *In hoc ſigno vinces*.

Let me now add ſome, if not all the bridges over the *Anio*, or *Teverone*.

1. The *ponte Salaro* is on the *via Salaria*, and of very remote antiquity. There it was, according to *Livy*, that young *Manlius* gained immortal honor. It was made of wood, and either party by deſtroying it might have avoided a battle. But both were confident in their ſtrength, and courage. A *Gaul* of enormous ſize, bade defiance to the *Romans*. *Manlius* ſtept forth, engaged, conquered, and took from him a *torques*, or chain which he wore about his neck, and threw it round his own. The ſirname of *Torquatus* was immediately given to him, and his family. An inſcription upon the bridge denotes that

that it was partly deſtroyed by *Totila*, but that *Narſes*, after having reſtored liberty to *Rome* and all *Italy*, cleared the bed of the river A. D. 565, *et pontem in meliorem ſtatum, quam quondam fuit, renovavit.*

2 THE *pons Nomentanus* upon the *via Nomentana* is thought to have been repaired by *Narſes* at the ſame time as the *pons Salarius*. It's name is corrupted into *Lamentano*.

3 THE *Pons Mammolus*, now *ponte Mammolo*, upon the *via Tiburtina*, or road to *Tivoli*, is ſuppoſed to have been made, or reſtored, by *Mammea*, mother of *Alexander Severus*.

AQUEDUCTS were the nobleſt deſigns of the old *Romans*. The invention of them took place in the year of *Rome* 441. Since that period many larger were made. The ſize of ſome of them may be collected from *Procopius*, who obſerves that a man on horſeback might paſs through the channel.

nel.* *Beliſarius* fortified and defended the paſs of the *Aqueducts*, leſt the *Goths* ſhould by means of them gain admiſſion into the city.

THOSE of the greateſt note were the *aqua Martia*, *aqua Virgo*, and *aqua Claudia*.

THE *Martia* was brought to *Rome* by *Quintus Martius* during his Pretorſhip. *Strabo* ſuppoſes it to have been derived from the *lacus Fucinus*, now called *Celano*, and *Frontinus* from a fountain in the *Valerian* way, thirty-three miles from *Rome*. This water was reckoned the beſt, and was uſed by all the city. The part for the benefit of the inhabitants on the ſide of mount *Celius*, was introduced at, or near the *porta Maggiore*. Many of the arches upon the *Eſquiline*, (for it entered the city in that quarter alſo) are ſtill ſtanding. The aqueduct by which *Agrippa* conveyed *aqua Virgo* to *Rome*, was fourteen miles in

* See Kennet's Antiquities Page 57

length.

length. *Marlianus* ſhews by an inſcription which originally belonged to it, that it was entirely rebuilt by the emperor *Claudius*. Authors cannot agree about the origin of the name. *Caſſiodorus* derives it from the purity of the water, *Frontinus* from the fountain which ſupplies it, having been firſt diſcovered by a virgin. *Pliny* gives an account different from both. With this water *Sixtus* the v. formed the beautiful *fontana de Trevi*.

But the aqueduct by which water was brought from the greateſt diſtance was the *Claudian*. It was begun by *Caligula*, and finiſhed by *Claudius*, his ſucceſſor. *Ad milliarum* XXXVIII *concipitur aqua Claudia*, ſays *Frontinus*. The fountains, by which theſe ducts were ſupplied, were the *Ceruleus*, and *Curtius*. A large piece of this aqueduct is now ſtanding, and from the road to *Fraſcati* and *Marino* forms a noble object. Next to the *Martian*, this was reckoned the beſt water.

Yours &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXIV.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Naples, January 11*th*. 1785.

HON^{D}. SIR.

Of the Baths.

BATHS being an article of luxury in which the old *Romans* delighted, no expence was ſpared to render them not only commodious, but magnificent.

THE baths of *Caracalla* had ſeveral large courts for the combats, and portico's for the benefit of the philoſophers. The interior dimenſion was 1191 feet in length. It is ſaid that 2300 might have bathed without being ſeen by each other. According to *Olympiodorus* there were 1600 large ſeats of marble, *habebant in uſum lavantium ſellas mille ſexcentas e polito marmore*

marmore factas. The *aqua Appia* afforded the ſupply of water.

THESE baths are ſituated at the foot of the *Aventine*, near the *quondam* palace of *Caracalla;* and, although in ruins, bear the marks of having been, as *Eutropius* juſtly calls them, an *opus egregium.* Many of the arches, and the ſteps which conducted to the ſeats, are ſtill ſtanding. I crawled up ſeveral flights, that I might take a view of this huge pile of brick from the top of a large arch. It was covered with graſs: the maſs ſo trembled under me, that I expected to accompany it to the bottom. One caſt of the eye contented me.

ALTHOUGH the remains of the public baths built by *Dioclefian* be not conſiderable, their ſituation and extent are eaſily diſcoverable. They took in a large ſpace of ground, and muſt have been of greater ſize than *Caracalla's*, as 3000 might bathe at the ſame time.

THE baths of *Titus* are ſometimes called the baths of *Trajan*. *Nardini* ſuppoſes them to have been enlarged by *Trajan*. Within a vineyard upon the *Eſquiline*, where they were ſituated, are ſome remains in brick, which form an arcade, and reſemble the covering of ancient baths. At no great diſtance in another vineyard are the *ſette ſalle di Tito*. There are in fact nine; but they paſs by the name of ſeven, becauſe that number was diſcovered firſt, and at the ſame time. Theſe *ſalle*, or chambers, are of various dimenſions. Some are of opinion that this building was the celebratcd *Nympheum* of *Marcus Aurelius*, * others that it was a reſervoir of water for the ſupply of the baths. The thickneſs of the walls is a ſtrong argument in favor of this laſt opinion.

* "The *Nymphæa* (ſays Kennet) are a kind of Grottos' ſacred to the Nymphs, from whoſe ſtatues, which adorned them, or from the waters and fountains which they afforded, their name is evidently derived." *Ammianus* book 15 relates, that the people, when there was a ſcarcity of wine, uſed to ſeek water in the *Nymphæum* of *Marcus Aurelius*.

THE

THE baths of *Livia* are ſituated on Mount *Palatine*, in the *Farneſe* gardens which belong to the King of *Naples*, as heir of the *Farneſe* family. They conſiſt of ſmall chambers, the walls of which are ornamented with paintings either of foliage, or ſmall well deſigned figures in the moſt graceful and eaſy attitudes. Some of theſe figures are executed in gold color on an azure ground, others in azure on a gold ground. Many have ſuffered but little from the hand of time. I was accompanied by a young *Engliſh* Student in architecture, who ſo admired theſe decorations, that he told me he ſhould copy them as a deſign for a cieling. Theſe baths, as well as thoſe of *Titus* above mentioned, appear to be of a private kind.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER. XXXV.

To Iſaac Hobhouſe Eſq.

Naples, January 15*th*. 1785

Of the Amphitheatres, Theatres, Circi, and Naumachiæ.

THE *Roman* amphitheatres were made of wood, and moveable, until the time of *Statilius Taurus*, the great friend of *Auguſtus*. He *firſt* conſtructed one of ſtone. Their ſhape was oval. In them were exhibited the combats of the gladiators, and *beſtiarii*.

THE *coloſſeo*, a term which has ſince been corrupted into *coliſeo*, is one of the grandeſt monuments of antiquity. It was ſo called becauſe built on that part of the ruins of the *aurea tecta* of *Nero*, near to which ſtood his *coloſſal* ſtatue. It is ſituated

ted between the *Celian*, *Palatine*, and *Eſquiline* hills. It was large enough to ſupply ſeats for 87,000 people, not to mention 20,000 who might conveniently ſtand in the angles and corners. The exterior circumference is 1616 feet. The greater part of the South ſide is fallen down, the northern is ſtill in excellent preſervation. It is ornamented with four orders of architecture. The loweſt is *Doric*, the next *Ionic*, the third *Corinthian*, and the fourth *Compoſite*. The three firſt mentioned have *columns*; the laſt, has *pilaſtres*. Half of the diameter of the *columns* is ſhut within the wall. Between each of the three ranks are 80 arches of equal ſize. Theſe furniſh an entrance to a double portico which ſurrounded the building, and was uſed by the ſpectators when they were deſirous of air, or exerciſe. It appears that there were ſtatues between the *columns*, for the nich and pedeſtal are ſtill to be ſeen. Between the *pilaſtres*, which project but little from the wall, are ſmall

ſquare holes, to which were fixed cords, for the purpoſe of extending the canvas over the heads of the Spectators, in caſe of heat, or rain.

You will take notice that I have hitherto been viewing this amphitheatre from the outſide: let me now conduct you to the interior, which, I am ſorry to ſay, is in a great ſtate of decay. The *arena* is ſo raiſed by the ruins, that great part of it is buried. The ſeats were ſupported by arches, and roſe one above another: but moſt of them are fallen in. Two, however, of a ſuperior ſize towards the bottom, ſtill keep their place; and as the moſt honorable place was neareſt to the *arena*, they are ſuppoſed to have been the ſeats of the emperor, and empreſs. The people occupied the top. They aſcended by two large flights of ſteps on the outſide, which on account of the great crouds who went up and down, were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Vomitoria*.

The

THE nails of *bronze* which united more firmly the ſtones of this ſuperb ſtructure, were drawn out by the *Goths* upon the ſacking of the city. Hence the numerous holes perceivable in the walls. Some of the other materials were employed in building the *Cancellaria*, and the *Farneſe* palace.

Flavius Veſpaſian is ſaid to have employed in conſtructing this amphitheatre 30,000 Jews whom he had made priſoners, and to have finiſhed it in leſs than a year. On the opening it at the time of it's dedication by *Titus*, 50,000 beaſts were ſlain there, and vaſt ſums were given to the people that the feſtival might laſt 100 days.

IT's preſent is far different from it's original uſe. The *arena* is not choaked with paltry little houſes as at *Niſmes*, but is become a place of devotion. There is a little church called *la Pietà*, to whcih *Benedict* the XIV in 1750 added fourteen chapels in honor of the myſteries of the paſſion.

THE

THE *Meta ſudans* ſtands near the amphitheatre. By whom it was raiſed, is a matter of great doubt.* It was pyramidal like the *meta*, or goal, in the *circi;* and as it was hollow, and threw water from the top, which courſed down its ſide, the epithet *ſudans* was added. There the combatants went to quench their thirſt. No fountain now pours forth it's ſtreams: nought but a ſmall heap of brick cemented by dirt, is now to be ſeen.

* That it was embelliſhed, if not built by *Titus*, is intimated by a medal of that emperor, which repreſents a *meta ſudans* by the ſide of the amphitheatre. *Seneca*, reciting the diſagreeable noiſes which infeſted his houſe, ſays *Eſſedias tranſcurrentes pono, et fabrum inquilinum et ferrarium vicinum, aut hunc qui ad Metam ſudantem tubas experitur, et tibias; nec cantat ſed exclamat.* Epiſt. LVII. Did the *Meta ſudans* which ſtood in the time of *Seneca*, receive ſome additional ornaments from *Titus;* or was it, as *Nardini* conjectures, but without explaining his grounds, pulled down by *Nero* when he extended his palace, and afterwards rebuilt by *Titus;* or was it another in a different ſituation?

THE

THE *Roman* THEATRES were ſemicircular, and deſigned for ſcenick entertainments. They were compoſed of wood, and occaſionally put together and taken to pieces again, until the time of *Pompey*, who undertook to raiſe a fixed theatre.* This great general on return from the war againſt *Mithridates* which he had ſucceſsfully finiſhed, ſtopped at *Mitylene*, and was preſent at the anniverſary exerciſes or contentions of the poets. "Being exceedingly pleaſed," ſays *Plutarch*, "with the theatre itſelf, he drew a model of it, intending to erect one in *Rome* in the ſame form, but larger and more magnificent." † The ſpot which he choſe was the *campo di Fiore*, and in carrying his deſign into execution he ſpent ſo much money, that he was obliged for ſome time afterwards to

* *Quippe erant qui Cn quoque. Pompeium incuſatum a ſeniori-bus ferrent quod manſuram theatri ſedem poſuiſſet. Nam antea ſubitariis gradibus et ſcenâ in tempus ſtructâ ludos edi ſolitos.* Tacit b. 14.

† *Plutarch's* life of *Pompey* octavo ed. P. 107

practiſe

practiſe the ſtricteſt œconomy. All that remains of this theatre which, according to *Nardini*, had 80,000 ſeats, is a part of the foundation. The ſtones appear to ſupport each other in ſuch a manner, that the removal of one would occaſion the downfal of the whole maſs.

THE theatre of *Marcellus* was built by *Auguſtus*, and ſo called from a deſire to immortalize the name of his nephew. It contained 30,000 ſeats. A conſiderable piece of remains in the *piazza Montanana* proves it to have been ſemicircular, like the other *Roman* theatres.

THE CIRCI were other places of amuſement. In them were repreſented not only the chariot-races, but the ſame ſhows as in the amphitheatre and *naumachiæ*. They were generally an oblong, rounded at one end.

THE inſtitution of a *circus* in *Rome* is to be attributed to *Tarquinius Priſcus*. He had

had gained a victory over the *Latines*, and taken one of their towns: "*prædâque inde majore*," ſays *Livy*, "*quam quanta belli fama fuerat, revectâ, ludos opulentius inſtructiuſque quam priores reges fecit. Tum primum circo, qui nune maximus dicitur, deſignatus locus eſt.*" * It afterwards became one of the moſt magnificent buildings in *Rome*, and hence was named *maximus*. According to *Pliny*, it held 260,000 perſons. It occupied the whole ſpace between the *Palatine* and *Aventine* hills: but it is impoſſible from preſent appearances to trace it's boundaries.

THE *circus* of *Caracalla* is ſituated between the *Appian* way, and the preſent road to *Albano*. The outward brick walls, which are of great thickneſs and about 15 feet

* Edit. Crev. lib. 1 P. 72. Before the time of *Tarquin*, *in litore fluminis* ſays *Servius*, *Circenſes agitabantur: in alterolatere poſitis gladiis, ut ab utrâque parte eſſet ignaviæ præſens periculum.* *Virgil* alludes to this ancient cuſtom in the following line.

———*agitabo ad flumina currus*

The *ludi Circenſes* were an imitation of the *Olymic* games.

high

high, are ſtill ſtanding. The ſituation of the *arena*, the *metæ*, * and the *ſpina* † are diſtinguiſhable. The portico at the Eaſtern end, and the three towers at the Weſtern, cloſe to the galleries which afforded ſufficient room for 60,000 ſpectators, were ſo many places of entrance. Near this *circus* is the remnant of a building encompaſſed with high walls. It is commonly ſuppoſed to have been the place, where thoſe, who were to appear in the *circus*, changed their robes.

It was the practice of the old *Romans* to exerciſe their valor in naval combats, either upon a river, or tranquil ſea. At

* A *meta*, or goal, was placed at a ſmall diſtance from each extremity.

† A partition, like the ſpine of the back, divided the *circus* lengthwiſe, leaving only a certain ſpace at each end. The chariots went down on the right ſide, and after having ſeven times made the circuit of the goal, returned on the left.

length

length many buildings were erected for that purpoſe in the neighborhood of *Rome*. As the *circi* were frequently uſed for this kind of game, it is commonly conjectured that the *Naumachia* was of the ſame form, as the *circus*. But the only one whoſe ſhape I could diſtinguiſh, (I mean that which is ſhewn at *Adrian's villa*) is unqueſtionably circular. The *circus*, as well as the *naumachia*, had an *Euripus*. *

Yours &c.

B H.

* *Julius Cæſar*, that the Elephants might be kept from coming too near the Spectators, ſurrounded the *cavea*, or that part of the *arena* appointed for the combats, with a canal ten feet in width and as many in depth, which took it's name from *Euripus*, an extremely narrow arm of ſea between the iſland of *Eubœa* and the continent of *Bœotia*.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

.....

Of the Obeliſks.

Naples, January 17th. 1785

DEAR BROTHER.

OBELISKS were made uſe of by the *Egyptians* to tranſmit to poſterity the principal precepts of philoſophy, which were generally engraved upon them in hieroglyphical characters. They are more an object of wonder than the pyramids. The latter ſeem only to have required a great deal of time in the building: but as the former conſiſted of one piece of granite only, it is a matter of ſome wonder that in thoſe remote ages the mode of raiſing them was underſtood. When the *Romans* carried their arms to the banks of the *Nile*, they were ſtruck with theſe ſuperb monuments, and occaſioned many to be brought to *Rome*. There they were applied

applied to the purpoſe of perpetuating the memory of important events, and illuſtrious characters.

THE four largeſt in *Rome*, are thoſe in the *piazza di S. Pietro*, *di St. Giovanni Laterano*, *del Popolo*, and *di Santa Maria Maggiore*. The ſecond and third are ornamented with hieroglyphics of birds, beaſts, &c. In theſe diſtant times it is difficult to affix a meaning to them. I know that ſome authors have attempted it. Their ingenuity is to be admired, but they afford no conviction.

THE obeliſk in the *piazza di S. Pietro* was, according to *Pliny*, firſt erected in *Eliopolis* by *Noncoreus*, King of *Egypt*, and tranſported to *Rome* by *Caligula*, in the third year of his reign. He cauſed it to be placed in his *circus Vaticanus*, afterwards called the *circus* of *Nero* becauſe it was near the gardens of that emperor. *Conſtantine* having deſtroyed this *circus*, the obeliſk remained among the ruins near the ſacriſty of *St. Peter's*, until *Sixtus* the

v. A. D. 1586 ordered it to be raiſed in the *piazza*. Forty cranes, 100 horſes, and 800 men were employed in the work. It is 124 feet in height, including the pedeſtal and croſs. The top was once crowned by a ball of gilt copper, which is thought to have incloſed the aſhes of *Nero*. This obeliſk is eſteemed the moſt beautiful, and beſt proportioned in *Rome*.

THE obeliſk of *S. Giovanni* is 140 feet from the level of the *piazza* to the ſummit of the croſs. *Conſtantine* removed it from *Thebes* to *Alexandria* by means of the *Nile*, and built a large ſhip to carry it to *Rome*. He died, however, before it was put into execution, ſo that it was left to be done by his ſon *Conſtance*, who placed it in the middle of the *circus Maximus*. It was dug out of the ruins of this *circus*, and fixed in it's preſent ſituation, by *Sixtus* the v. A. D. 1588.

THE obeliſk in the *piazza del popolo* was made by *Semneſerteus*, who reigned in *Egypt* 522 years before the birth of our Savior.

Savior. *Auguſtus*, who cauſed it to be brought from *Eliopolis*, raiſed it in the *circus maximus*, and gave it his own name, as appears by the ancient inſcription on the pedeſtal. This obeliſk met with the ſame fate, as that of *St. Giovanni Laterano*. It lay among the ruins of the ſame *circus*, from whence it was, likewiſe, removed by the order of *Sixtus* the v. *Fontana* has placed it with great judgment. It faces on one ſide the great gate, or *Porta del popolo;* and on the other, three long, grand ſtreets. When viewed from the remote end of either of them, it terminates a noble *viſta*. It it 81 feet 9 inches in height, from the pavement to the ſummit of the croſs.

THE obeliſk of *S. Maria Maggiore* was tranſported from *Egypt* by the emperor *Claudius*, and placed as an ornament *vis à vis* to the mauſoleum of *Auguſtus*. It lay neglected, and broken, in the ſtreet of *Ripetta* for many ages. *Sixtus* the v. united the pieces, and erected it in this

piazza. It is about 60 feet high, from the top of the croſs to the foot of the pedeſtal.

In addition to this account, I cannot forbear to mention the obeliſk, which was diſcovered in 1502 among the ruins of the *campus Martius.* Being in too bad a ſtate to be put together, it lies ſecured from future injury in a court behind *St. Lorenzo in Lucina.* The pieces are covered with very beautiful hieroglyphics. The pedeſtal bears an inſcription, which ſpecifies that *Auguſtus, Ægypto in poteſtatem populi Romani redacto,* dedicated this obeliſk to the Sun, from whence it was called the *Solar* obeliſk. This emperor made it ſerve as a meridian to mark the ſhadows of the mid-day Sun at different ſeaſons of the year, and thus ſhew the different length of the days. *Pliny,* who commends the genius of *Auguſtus* for the invention, adds that from ſome cauſe or other the gnomon had not told truth for the laſt thirty years.*

* Natural Hiſtory, B. 36. c. 10.

HAVING deſcribed the principal antiquities in, and about *Rome*, as well thoſe which the old *Romans* erected themſelves whether from views of utility or luxury, as thoſe which they introduced from foreign countries, I have completed what I propoſed to myſelf. It is time to relieve you from a ſubject, upon which ſome of you, perhaps, think that I have already expatiated too much; and to ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXVII.

.....

To Mrs. Hobhouſe,

Naples, January 18*th*. 1785

DEAR MADAM.

YOU muſt have noticed that in my account of the ancient remains I ſaid nothing of the ſtatues. To have attempted an enumeration of *them*, or the paintings, would have been an endleſs taſk. *Rome* is the ſituation for the young ſculptor, or Painter. If he be not wanting in capacity, he cannot fail to improve his taſte: but the gardener cannot there learn to adorn the ſcenes of nature. The ſituation of the *villa Pamphili* is extremely beautiful. It commands on one ſide an irregular extent of country; and on the other, *Rome*, and the ſeveral hills which ſurround it. *St. Peter's*, though an object of magnitude, appears but ſmall; not, however, from

from the diſtance, but upon a compariſon with the circumjacent hills. What capability for the hand of a *Brown!* It is truly lamentable to ſee the lovely garb of nature exchanged for ſuch awkard, and gaudy attire. The paths are ſtrait lines, the graſs plots are of the mince-pie order, and ſometimes cut into the ſhape of birds, trees, and other fantaſtic figures.

I WENT upon ſeveral pleaſant expeditions to *Fraſcati*, *Tivoli*, and other places near *Rome*. Sometimes I travelled upon the old *Appian* way, which would be very little reliſhed by you, who have been uſed to ſuch excellent roads, as ſcarcely to be ſenſible of the motion of the carriage. One is ſtunned with noiſe, and ſhaken to pieces. On feeling the difference between trotting and walking of the horſes, I experienced the force of *Horace's* obſervation, that the *Appian* way is leaſt troubleſome to the *ſlow* traveller. It is alſo very narrow, as well as rough. The *Roman* cars, if we may judge from the *bas releifs*,

were not very wide, and it is well that they were not; for otherwiſe two could not have paſſed each other.

The ancient remains of temples, ſtatues &c, together with the environs of *Rome*, ſupply an ample fund of entertainment to the ſtranger; but unleſs he be there at the time of the Carnaval, the theatres and concert rooms are ſhut. The only public amuſement during my reſidence of ſix weeks, was a combat between men and buffalos in the amphitheatre, once the mauſoleum of *Auguſtus*. In dens round the *arena* are confined the beaſts, which, before they are turned looſe, are goaded through interſtices with the point of a ſpear. The combatant is furniſhed with arrows, one of which he holds in his right hand, and in his left, a red cloak. The door flies open, the provoked, the almoſt mad buffalo ruſhes furiouſly into the *arena*, the man preſents his cloak a little of one ſide of his own body, the buffalo butts at it with his horns, while an arrow pierces his neck. Soon his neck

neck is full of arrows, the blood flows copiouſly, and he roars hideouſly; then in *mercy* (it is altogether a *merciful* affair, is it not?) one of the combatants retires, and fetches a ſword with which he contrives to give a mortal wound. A ſledge is brought, the ſlain is placed upon it, the victor mounts upon the body, and is drawn triumphant, amid acclamations, out of the amphitheatre. I muſt not forget to tell you that one of the men had a very narrow eſcape. His cloak was beaten out of his hand, he fled, was purſued, and would have been much injured, if not killed, but for his agility in making a leap of conſiderable height, by which he reached the hand of one of the ſpectators, and was pulled up among us.

In this exhibition we ſee a trace of ancient *Rome*. Manly, not cruel, diverſions ſhould be choſen for the people. Adieu

Yours. &c.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER. XXXVIII.

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To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Naples, January 19*th*. 1785

HON^{D}. SIR.

Of the Government of Rome.

THE *Cardinals* formerly had a power of limiting the temporal authority of the *Pope*, but little by little he is become abſolute. He has no occaſion to call parliaments, or councils; and if he be a man of firmneſs, he may follow no other rule than his own will. But the Pope being, in general, advanced in life, the Cardinals do almoſt whatever they pleaſe. If they violate the laws, who ſhall call them to an account? The Governor is the ſupreme criminal Judge, and has the charge of the police; but the credit of a Cardinal, who

who is ſo much more powerful, turns a deciſion any way. What good can I do in a ſituation, in which I am ſubject to as many maſters as there are Cardinals, ſaid *Signor Bondelmonti*, the Governor in 1740? But this is not all. They not only defy the arm of juſtice themſelves, but render it unavailing againſt any of their retinue. The houſe of a Cardinal, the diſtrict of an ambaſſador, the churches &c are ſo many places of ſecurity for the offender againſt public order, nay for the murderer himſelf. Near the *piazza d' Eſpagna* is a place, privileged, I believe, by the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, whoſe palace is in the vicinity. There you may ſee him, who prompted by malice took away the life of a fellow creature, moving with ſlow pace, and the deformed countenance of guilt. He ſeems to regret that he cannot go beyond his circle of ſafety, only becauſe he cannot execute other plans of wickedneſs.

I HAVE already ſaid that the lower claſ-

ſes

ſes in vain ſeek for juſtice in a conteſt with the higher orders; but you will think their condition ſtill worſe, ere I have finiſhed this letter.

UNDER an eccleſiaſtical government, nothing can be more unfavorable to the happineſs of the governed, than a received belief that prieſts are the anointed of heaven, and endowed with particular privileges by God. It occaſions a ſtrong line of demarcation between the Clergy, and Laity. The former become conceited, and dictatorial; the latter, abject, and prepared by ſervitude of mind for ſubmiſſion to every ſpecies of tyranny. Accordingly we find, that the commonalty of *Rome* are not only paſſive under inſolence, but under the ſevereſt oppreſſion. The hand of induſtry is palſied by power. The huſbandman is obliged to ſell his wheat to the public treaſury, who fix the value themſelves. They put it ſo low, that Agriculture ſtands ſtill, and the whole country looks forlorn, and depopulated. The

wheat

wheat is again diſpoſed of by the government at a very advanced rate through the hands of their own bakers, none being allowed to exerciſe that employment without an authority. If a year of ſcarcity arive, a quantity is privately removed from the public granaries to *Civita vecchia*, makes a ſmall voyage at ſea, and returning as a foreign article, fetches a conſiderable price. Thus the people are cheated under the form of kindneſs. Theſe, and other unjuſt methods of enriching his nephews, are uſually practiſed by the Popes, who, in proportion to their age at the period of attaining the dignity, are the more in haſte to accompliſh their rapacious deſigns.

THE *congregazione del Indice*, and the court of Inquiſition deſerve a high place in the catalogue of grievances.

THE *congregazione del Indice* deliberates upon what publications ſhall be kept from the ſight of the faithful. Thoſe works, the reading of which is prohibited, are ſtated

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in a book, or *Index*. It makes an octavo volume closely printed; and you will be surprised to hear, that until lately all the treatises in favor of the earth's motion, were amongst the number to be regarded with abhorrence by the true Catholic. This act of mercy was not, however, obtained, without pressing solicitations on the part of the learned.

THE Inquisition, or Holy Office, takes cognizance of heresy, or the *crime* of holding any doctrine different from the established faith. The history of this tribunal is replete with horror.

THESE are a few traits of the *internal* government of *Rome*. Is she well provided against *outward* attacks? far from it. If some of the *European* powers could agree about the division of the carcase, the death of the animal would soon follow.

Yours &c.

B. H.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

.....

To the ſame.

Naples, January 20*th*. 1785.

HON^D. SIR.

I ENTERED this city when it was nearly dark: the approach was announced to me, upon ſeeing from the window of my carriage a narrow flood of fire, rolling from the top to the bottom of a lofty mountain. I began to anticipate the pleaſure to be derived from examining *Veſuvius* more nearly. Soon I became acquainted with *Monſieur Boſowſki*, a Poliſh Count. He is a very tall, ſtout man, and has a great deal of fierceneſs in his countenance. His character will be beſt underſtood from a *trait* or two of his conduct, which I ſhall hereafter mention. He was glad to join me in any of my expeditions

peditions, for not being able to talk *Italian*, he could gain but little information by going alone. Having ſchemed a midnight viſit to the mountain, we took a *caleſſe*, by means of which we ſhortly reached *Portici*. I muſt ſtop my narrative to deſcribe to you this little carriage With difficulty two perſons can cram themſelves into it. It is exceedingly light, moves upon two wheels, and is drawn by a ſingle horſe about thirteen hands and a half high. You take the reins, or ropes, in your own hands; the *caleſſiere* mounts behind; he holds the whip, and flogs almoſt unremittingly; you are to guide. It is indeed a moſt rapid mode of conveyance. You may take the whip yourſelf if you pleaſe, but in ſuch caſe if any accident happen, you are reſponſible. The *caleſſes* ſtand in the ſtreets, like our hackney-coaches. To reſume—*Portici* ſtands upon the ruins of the ancient *Herculanium*. The remains of an amphitheatre are to be ſeen. Tombs lamps, vaſes, ſtatues have been dug up,

and

and among other things a cake, which though burnt through, has preſerved it's entire form, but looks as if it could be blown away with the leaſt puff of breath. The ſeveral curioſities are collected in the King's cabinet at *Portici*. When the veſtiges were firſt found, the Antiquarian was at a loſs what name he ſhould aſſign to the place; but two beautiful equeſtrian ſtatues repreſenting ſome of the family of *Balbus* have ſince been found, and on the pedeſtal of one is the following inſcription,

M. Nonio. M. Balbi: F.
P. P. Herculanenſes

This, and ſome other diſcoveries have removed all doubts.

At *Portici* we hired mules, and three attendants; and provided ourſelves with torches, and means of ſtriking a light. We proceeded ſlowly over jagged beds of *lava*, the produce of paſt eruptions, to the foot of the mountain. There we left our animals under charge of one of the men, who was to kindle a fire, that upon our re-

turn we might know where to find him. With the other two, who were to be our conductors, we began to aſcend. One walked before the Count, the other before me: both had a lighted flambeau, and a handkerchief tied round the middle, by which we might hold, and ſupport ourſelves from falling. The Count upon looking up, aſſerted that it was nothing, and that he would ſoon be at the top. I, to whom it occurred that the apparent was taken by him for the real diſtance, and that more difficulties might preſent themſelves than he was aware of, judged differently. *He* ſet off furiouſly; *I* leiſurely, like a perſon who thought it poſſible that he might have occaſion for all his ſtrength, and therefore would not ſpend it in one great exertion. It was indeed a moſt tireſome march. The warm and looſe ſand ſo yeilded, that in two or three ſteps we advanced little more than one. The half way is marked by an immenſe ſtone, which had formerly been diſcharged from the crater

crater. My companion had been a long time far before me, but 'ere he could reach this deſirable reſting place, I came up with him. His note was changed. He vented his complaints, as faſt as puffing and blowing would allow. "What a dreadful journey is this! I can no longer ſtand it; a man ought to have made his will, before he undertook to climb *cette maudite montagne.*" Though I was no leſs tired than he, and my legs ached from the conſtant ſtrain of muſcles, I was determined to perſevere. One of the guides, hearing a rumbling noiſe within, exclaimed, "it is a fine night for you, Gentlemen; the mountain is in excellent humor." Scarcely had he ſaid it, when we heard an exploſion, and ſaw *flammarum globos* mount high in the air. Again we began to climb, but we were obliged to ſtop, and reſt ourſelves almoſt every minute. On our paſſage we met a lady returning, who ought rather to have been going; for fire-works, as you well know, only appear to advantage at night. She

was in a ſmall chair carried by men, who had, I ſuppoſe, conveyed her to the top in the ſame manner. Imagine us now to have conquered all our difficulties, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from the handkerchief; for the Count had vowed, before we ſet off, that *he* would not touch it; and *I*, not to be outdone, had made the ſame reſolution. We ſtood on the edge of the crater, and endeavored with our eyes to fathom the abyſs. But from the boiling beneath continually aroſe a ſmall body of ſmoke, which intercepted our view. The wind, being luckily favorable, blew it from us, ſo that we could fairly ſee acroſs the mouth. The crater, though it appears from *Naples* to draw to a narrow point, is full half a mile in diameter. Within it, but at the ſide oppoſite to us, ſtood a ſmall conical mountain, which had been thrown up in ſome convulſion. Whilſt we were ſurveying it, every token of an approaching eruption ſhewed itſelf. The ground ſhook under us: repeated noiſes, like

like thunder-claps, proclaimed the inward combuſtion. During this ſtate of anxious expectation, a volley of red hot ſtones was thrown to a great height perpendicularly from this little conical mountain, and falling in the ſame direction upon the ſides of it, occaſioned a deep, hollow ſound. In vain we attempted to crawl round the crater to that part where the fire appeared to flow. Our deſcent took but little time, for as the ſand gave way with each ſtep, we had only to bring the hinder leg forward as faſt as poſſible. About two o'Clock in the morning, we arrived ſafe at *Naples*.

THIS was not my only trip to *Veſuvius*. By the ſide of it ſtands *Somma*, a lower, but not volcanic mountain, on the top of which reſides a Hermit. An Engliſh Gentleman and Lady, and myſelf, made him a viſit. We carried cold meat, which we waſhed down with ſome of his *lacryma Chriſti*, a moſt delicious kind of wine. The terrace before his little cottage commands the moſt lovely proſpect in nature. You

have the ocean ſtudded with the iſlands *Proſcida*, *Nicida*, *Iſchia*, and the ſtill larger *Caprea*, made famous by having been the retreat of *Tiberius*: You have two ſpacious bays, bordered by hills in the form of a creſcent. On the ſide of that occupying the middle, riſes the city of *Naples*, which from this point of view appears to greater advantage, than from the *Certoſa*, a monaſtery which ſtands above it upon the ſummit of the ſame hill, or than from a boat in the center of the bay. In the evening we deſcended *Somma*, and directed our ſteps over a rough road of *lava* to the baſe of *Veſuvius*. We went to the end of that ſtream of fire, the higher part of which the Count and I had not been able to reach. It did not appear to be *lava*, but what are called *laſtre*, a kind of cruſt detached from the interior of the furnace, reſembling baked earth. Theſe *laſtre* are frequently vomited out of the mountain. I lighted my torch by one of the pieces, but was obliged

obliged to hold my hand before my face, leſt it ſhould be ſcorched.

THE *lava* is of the conſiſtency of paſte, and ſluggiſh in its courſe. When it is cold, buttons, ſnuff boxes &c, are made of it. I intend to put ſome of the *nick-nackeries* into my trunk; but I am not without fear, that travelling ſo many hundred miles may break the brittle materials into ſhatters.

Yours &c.

B H.

LETTER XL.

.....

To the ſame.

Naples, January 21*ſt*. 1785.

HON^D. SIR.

ON a future day I puſhed my route ſtill further to the Eaſtward of *Naples*, accompanied by two *Engliſh* Gentlemen, and *Mr. Boſowſki*. Our plan was formed after dinner, we ſent for a coach and four horſes, and, without making any inquiries, ſet off immediately in queſt of the remains of ſome *Grecian* temples at *Peſti*. After having travelled ſome diſtance, the coachman told us that a little place called *Torre del Greco* was near, and that there he muſt ſtay ſome hours to reſt, and feed his cattle. We were turned into a miſerable hole, and could get nothing but *provola*, and ſour wine. *Provola* is

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a kind of ſoft cheeſe made of the milk of buffalos. We wiſhed for a ſhort repoſe, and inquired for chambers. We were ſhewed into one, which it was ſaid would accomodate all the party. It had two beds: in one lay a man, by the ſide of whom in a chair was a brace of piſtols; the other, which was tolerably large and had two pillows at each end, was intended for us. There we *four* were to pig together, between ſheets as black as the chimney back. This was too bad. Three of us took our ſeats in the coach, one of my *Engliſh* companions tried the ſtable, but as there was ſcarcely any thing to lie upon, he ſoon joined us. Not being able to cloſe my eyes, I opened the door of the carriage, went up ſtairs, and threw myſelf down upon the dirty coverlet. My moving awoke the *Italian* in the other bed, who called out, who is there? Perhaps it was well for me that I could reply in his own tongue, for otherwiſe he might have fired at me. At length the time of our departure

ture arrived. The Inn-keeper demanded ſuch an immoderate ſum for our poor repaſt, that I refuſed to pay. He ſwore that we ſhould not quit the place until he was ſatisfied; and ſhut the gates of the yard. The Count aſked me in *French* what was the matter, and upon being informed, begged to alight; for what, ſaid I, *Mr. le Comte?* to cut off his head replyed he with great earneſtneſs. I contrived to quiet him by ſaying, that as the management was confided to me, it would be but an ill compliment to take it out of my hands. Being the moſt converſant with the language of the country, I had the trouble of acting as caterer, and paymaſter. Finding my hoſt extremely obſtinate, I gave him an *accidental* peep of a piſtol, which operated with magical force. He no longer declined the ſum I tendered, he opened the gates, begged pardon for his conduct, and retired thoroughly affrighted with the ſight of that, which I had no intention to uſe. At *Salerno*, the road being no longer paſ-

ſable

ſable in a carriage, we hired two *caleſſes*. In croſſing a heavy moor, one of the wheels ſuddenly plunged into a deep rut, and I was pecked out on my head, but not hurt. The evening began to ſet in: a dreadful ſtorm of thunder rattled in our ears, the lightenings flaſhed, and gave us repeated glances of the ſuperb remains which we ſought. Where *Poſſidonia* once ſtood, a few ſcattered cottages are now the only marks of human abode. We entered one of them: three ſavage looking men, and an old woman were ſeated near a woodfire, which had almoſt involved them in ſmoke. The door not only gave admiſſion, but ſerved as a window and chimney to this, and a ſtill ſmaller room within. *Coſa da mangiare* was the firſt queſtion? *provola* was the anſwer. The Polander propoſed that a large cock which was ſtrutting about the floor, ſhould be killed; the old woman had no objection; the creature was ſoon deprived of his exiſtence; and entrails and all while yet warm,

warm, put into the pot. As might be expected, it was ſo tough that we could hardly cut it up. The Polander, with a great broad ſword which I could ſcarcely wield, chopt it in quarters; but he needed not to have troubled himſelf about the partition, for neither of us choſe to ſhare with him. He ate heartily, and perhaps to the great quantity of this indigeſtible food with which he loaded his ſtomach, is to be attributed his ſickneſs of the ſubſequent day. In the interior room was a bed, which might vie in filth with that at *Torre del Greco*. One of my countrymen, and myſelf threw ourſelves upon it. The other two extended themſelves upon ſome ſheep ſkins. We had a little oil in a lamp, which we lighted. A chair was placed againſt the door. Shut up within a very confined ſpace, which had but one communication with the air, and that not immediate, we were almoſt ſuffocated with heat. We fancied that an attempt might be made to aſſaſſinate us for the property we might be ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to have, and therefore it was thought proper to mount guard. Being leſs drowſy than the reſt, I undertook to watch the two firſt hours. A brace of loaded piſtols, and a cutlaſs were my arms. At the expiration of the time I called to my comrades, who declared that they could not anſwer for keeping awake. All of us ſoon ſank into a profound ſleep. In a little while I heard a low muttering voice, without being able to diſtinguiſh a word. After liſtening ſome time, I was made eaſy by hearing my own name. What ſhall we do, ſaid the gentleman by my ſide, "the light is going out: in the dark we may miſtake friends for enemies, and injure each other." A council was held, and it was determined not to call for more oil. All theſe precautions were thought neceſſary to guard againſt a danger, which in the event proved to be merely imaginary. I aroſe early, and haſtened to the temples.

Παιϛος, or *Pæſtum*, afterwards called *Poſſidonia*, a city at the weſtern extremity of *Lucania*,

cania, was founded by the *Dorians* according to ſome, or by the *Sybarites* according to others. The quadrangular form of the outward walls built of large ſquare ſtones, the towers with which they were fortified, one of the four gates, and the remains of an amphitheatre are eaſily diſtinguiſhable. Almoſt all the columns of three large and magnificent temples, are ſtill ſtanding. They are of the *Doric* order, and being without baſe, and of a thickneſs diſproportionate to their height, are evidently of remote antiquity. Several buffalos ranged free within the building, where no animal formerly entered but to be ſlain with the ſacred knife. Is it not *Ovid* who has this expreſſion *roſea Peſte?* in vain will the traveller look for roſes now.

THE attention of the curious was not directed to theſe invaluable pieces of *Greek* architecture until 1755. Then a young pupil in painting, who accidentally ſaw them, ſpoke of them in high terms to his maſter

maſter. Plans were ſoon afterwards drawn and publiſhed.

HAVING gratified our curioſity we departed for *Salerno*, where we had a very decent bed, and ſupper. Had we been well informed, we ſhould have ſet off from *Naples* early in the morning, and ſlept that night at *Salerno*. From thence we might have gone to *Peſti* the next morning, and returned the ſame day. Thus we ſhould have eſcaped two diſagreeable nights, which we were obliged to paſs without pulling off our clothes.

IN our road home we examined the traces of *Pompeia*. It was diſcovered, not a great many years ago, a little below the ſurface of a vineyard. One of the ſtreets is entire, and by figures carved opon the outſide of ſome of the houſes, you may make out the employment of the ancient occupant. The walls within, were originally covered with paintings in *freſco*, which have been removed to the King's cabinet at *Portici*. The deſigns are pretty

and

and the colors ſtill lively. A *villa* adorned with a portico for walking without being expoſed to the ſultrineſs of a ſummer ſun in this climate, is in excellent preſervation. You may ſee holes in the earth which anſwer to the ſhape of a human body, or limb. The eruption of *Veſuvius* ſuddenly overwhelmed the whole city with its aſhes, and left few, if any of the inhabitants, time to eſcape. *Herculanium* and *Pompeia* both ſuffered the ſame fate about the ſame time, *viz*, in the 73*d*. year of the *Chriſtian Æra*.

I MUST now carry you to the weſtward of *Naples*, whither I went accompanied by the Count only.

Virgil's tomb lies near the *grotto di Pauſilippo* on the *Naples* ſide. * My admiration of this poet made me tread with ve-

* Pliny *Epiſt.* 21 *lib* 3 teſtifies that this prince of Latin poets was buried at *Naples*. He ſays that *Silius* uſed to keep the birth day of *Virgil*, more religiouſly than his own. ——*Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire ut templum ſolebat.*

neration

neration on the hallowed ſpot. Little elſe remains than an irregular, broken mound of earth. Whether the laurel were planted there, or grew accidentally, I know not; but it is quite in character, that the tree of *Parnaſſus* ſhould grace the ſepulchre of one ſo beloved by the Muſes.

La grotta di Pauſilippo is an ancient way about a mile in length, hollowed out of a mountain; and makes part of the road leading from *Naples* to *Pouzzoli*. This was probably it's original uſe, for the old inhabitants of *Egypt*, *Greece*, *Sicily*, and *Italy* were fond of ſubterraneous roads. Though you paſs at mid-day, you are obliged to light your torch at the entrance. The diſtant aperture, which at firſt looks ſo ſmall, enlarges as you advance, and thus produces a pleaſing effect.

Pouzzoli offers on all ſides fragments of temples, amphitheatres, &c. but none ſo conſiderable as to require particular notice.

Baiæ as well as *Pouzzoli*, is ſituated upon the *ſinus Puteolanus*, called by *Tacitus*, *lacus Baianus*. It was formerly deemed a moſt pleaſant place, and choſen as a ſummer reſidence by the *Romans*.

Nullus in orbe locus Baïs prælucet amœnis.

It is now ruinous, and deſolated; and the air from ſome cauſe or other is become quite peſtilential. Such are the viciſſitudes of human affairs.

LAKE *Averno* is a very large baſon of water encircled by mountains, which during the greateſt part of the day exclude the light. Formerly the ſides of them were mantled with wood, which muſt have added to the gloomineſs of the ſcene. For want of a free circulation the ſtagnated vapors may have become unwholſome, and driven away the birds, as the name *Avernus* imports.

THE *Sybil's* grot is ſituated by the ſide of the lake. At firſt we were obliged to ſtoop, but that was for a few ſteps only. After proceeding but a very little way we took

took a lighted torch in our hands, and mounted on the backs of our guides, who carried us through water into one, or two damp chambers hewn out of the earth. As one of them has two baths, the *Sybil* is imagined to have put them to that uſe. Perhaps this grot, as it is called, was a road between *Cuma* and lake *Avernus*, of the ſame kind as the *grotta di Pauſilippo*. The opening on the ſide of *Cuma* favors the idea. The baths may have been made for the accomodation of paſſengers. People would not make ſuch a point of penetrating this fabled receſs of the *Sybil*, were it not immortalized by the pen of the *Mantuan* bard.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris,
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis ſeſe halitus atris,
Faucibus effundens, ſupera ad convexa ferebat,
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum. Æn. li. VI. 237.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLI.

.....

To Mrs. Hobhouſe,

Naples, January 22*nd*, 1785.

DEAR MADAM.

THE fate of your laſt favor is uncertain, for it has never come to hand. I frequently ſigh for home, and wiſh that there was no occaſion for this correſpondence. Soon ſhall I begin to move towards my own country, and then I ſhall not have time to write ſo often to my friends. My preſent idea is to remain here until the 7*th*, or 8*th* of February, that I may be witneſs of the follies of this people at the cloſe of the Carnaval, the only part which, I'am told, is worth ſeeing. It is commenced already, but as yet there is a "plentiful lack" of humor.

THE King, and Sir Wm. Hamilton, his almoſt

almoſt conſtant companion, returned on Wedneſday the 19*th.* inſtant from *Caſerto*, where they had been on a hunting party. The 20*th*, the birth day of the King of *Spain*, was kept with great pomp. Sir Wm. who wiſhed to pay every attention to Mr. Fox's recommendation, requeſted to preſent me on that day to the King and Queen. I complied, and went through the ceremony in company with ſeveral other *Engliſh* Gentlemen. We were uſhered into a ſpacious room, where we watched their Majeſties *devour* a good dinner. Having finiſhed, they aroſe: Sir Wm. gabbled over our names, we bowed, the King ſmiled, and ſaid, "ſurely this is an *Engliſh* colony." On the ſubſequent morning I was waited upon by the domeſtics belonging to the chief officers of the Court. They came to congratulate me on the honor I had received, or, in other words, to aſk for their fees. The ſame *attention* was paid to me by the ſervants of the Ambaſſadors. Cuſtom is quoted in ſupport of this *tax*;

but nevertheleſs there is a great meanneſs in it.

As ſoon as I have put the finiſhing ſtroke to this ſcrawl, I muſt begin to dreſs myſelf for Sir Wm. Hamilton's dinner. I received the invitation on Thurſday. This compliment is, I apprehend, paid but once.

For ſome time paſt I may be ſaid to have enjoyed a good ſtate of health. During the firſt few weeks after my arrival, it poured inceſſantly; but it was at the ſame time ſo hot, that I was obliged to ſit with my window open. I felt impatient to depart, but my banker begged me to wait a little longer, aſſuring me that when the rain once ceaſed, no more perhaps would fall for ſeveral months. I am glad that I took his advice, for the weather we now have is very fine. The ſun ſhines with as much warmth as in an *Engliſh* Auguſt, and not a cloud chequers the azure expanſe. The evenings are, however, ſometimes as cold, as in our own climate at this ſeaſon of the year.

In

In all the great towns, apartments and living are excellent; but both are more expensive than in *France*. So numerous are the things worthy of observation in the *palazzi*, that the *buona mano's*, or fees to servants, amount to a considerable sum. You must take care therefore, before you set off upon a visit to *Italy*, to line your pockets well with the *l' argent comptant*.

Yours. &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLII.

Naples, February 3*d*, 1785.

DEAR COUSIN.

A SHORT deſcription of a royal hunt may not prove unamuſing to you. The King's invitation, without which no one could be preſent, was confined, as far as foreigners were concerned, to ſuch only as had been introduced at Court. Eleven o'Clock on the 1*ſt*. of February was the time fixed for the meeting—*Carditto*, about fourteen miles diſtant, was the place of *rendezvous*. I determined to be punctual, that I might loſe no part of the ceremony. In a corner ſeparated from the reſt of the field were ſeveral tents, and a royal pavilion. At the entrance of it, my companion, and myſelf were received by Sir Wm. Hamilton. Every one who wiſhed

wiſhed for breakfaſt, went to a long table, and was immediately ſerved. The King, about half paſt eleven, cried *al campo, al campo.* His Majeſty was dreſſed in a pair of leather breeches, boots, and a green jacket richly ornamented with gold lace. A ſmall French-horn of gold was tied to one of the buttons. On his head was a round hat with a green feather. In his hand he bore a ſpear that he might tranſfix the foe. By the ſide of his thigh hung a ſabre, that in caſe his horſe was overthrown, he might be ready to defend himſelf againſt a cloſe aſſault. He was attended by twelve of his Gentlemen, equipped and armed in every point like himſelf. The particular honor of joining this band of heroes was granted to two of my countrymen. A *French* Marquis had leave to engage on *foot.* The ſcene of action was a large plain, ſkirted on one ſide by a foreſt, and on every other by a thick ſail-cloth ſo that no animal which entered, had the leaſt chance of preſerving his life. The company

company of Ladies and Gentlemen admitted to a ſight of this royal diverſion, was drawn up in their carriages. Sir Wm. Hamilton marched at the head of the Muſketeers into the foreſt. A great noiſe of firing was heard from that quarter. An affrighted drove of boars made their entry on a full gallop. A Knight with uplifted ſpear, gave charge—they fled before him, as the ſheep before *Don Quixote*. As the compariſon held good alſo with reſpect to the appearance both of man, and horſe, I could ſcarce refrain from laughter. But there was one eſſential difference between the *Manchan*, and *Neapolitan* Knight. The former never afforded the ſmalleſt doubts of his *valor*, nor the latter of his *fear;* for he checked the impetuoſity of his charger, if one of the harmleſs animals but turned his head towards him. As ſoon as they were faſtened down by the dogs, then he approached, and continued to ſtab while the leaſt ſign of life remained. The foot combatant, the *French* Marquis, was the only

only perſon, whoſe conduct exhibited either dexterity, or ſpirit. He placed himſelf in the way of the boars, and ſtruck at them as they advanced. I was ſtanding near, when he drove his lance into the forehead of a very large one. It craſhed as it pierced the bone, and the wooden part ſhivered in his hand. During the courſe of the day he performed many acts of ſimilar proweſs. In the ſpace of three hours 145 were ſlain. You will not be ſurpriſed at the greatneſs of the number, when I tell you that homicide is ſcarcely puniſhable, but that the deſtruction of any ſort of game is only to be expiated by the death of the offender. After having reckoned the number of the dead, it was determined that enough of blood had been ſhed. A repaſt was neceſſary to all, but more ſo to thoſe who had ſo *magnanimouſly* exerted, and fatigued themſelves. I imagined that one of the *tents* was aſſigned for the uſe of ſuch gentry as myſelf; but as I was ſtanding with another

Engliſh

Engliſh Gentleman at the entrance of the *pavilion*, the King familiarly ſaluted us, ſaying, *Paſſate, Signori, paſſate, c' é abbaſtanzza di luogo quà.* I went towards what I thought the bottom of the table, but to my aſtoniſhment found myſelf only two diſtant from the Queen. A Soldier of the *Liparotti* regiment ſtood behind each chair. The meat and wines were good, and the converſation eaſy, and good humored. Their Majeſties talked affably with every perſon. After dinner they went to view the ſpoils of the chaſe collected together, talked aſhort time with thoſe near them, made a reſpectful bow to all the company, and then ſet off for *Naples*. The day following, a boar was ſent to each of the foreigners who were at the hunt. I know not for what reaſon, but Sir Wm. Hamilton, who had the diſtribution of thoſe intended for his countrymen, complimented *me* with two. The moſt likely cauſe was Mr. Fox's letter, which, notwithſtanding it was not delivered until he had reſigned

ſigned the office of ſecretary of ſtate, did not produce leſs effect. The boars are now lying in the other room. I ſhall take a haunch for my private uſe, the reſt will be the perquiſite of my ſervant. The day paſſed very much to my ſatisfaction. The King means to give a ball, to which I am invited.

I ſet off on Tueſday next for *Rome*, from whence I ſhall go by *Loretto*, *Bologna*, *Venice*, and *Milan*, to *Turin*. Be ſo kind to direct to me at the laſt mentioned place. I wiſh my father had ſent me Herrie's bills of 20l. each, inſtead of a letter of credit. I ſhould have paid no commiſſion, and thus ſaved two per cent; I could have changed my route as often as I pleaſed, and always found in my banker a perſon to ſupply me with information.

Yours, &c.

B H.

LETTER. XLIII.

.....

To John Hobhouſe Eſq.

Loretto February 17*th*, 1785.

HON^D. SIR.

I RETURNED from *Naples* to *Rome* by the ſame road, and in the ſame manner in which I went. A conſiderable part of the way is over the *Pontine* marſhes, the air of which is thought to be very unwholſome. Perſeverance in a judicious plan of draining would beyond doubt purify it. No poſt horſes are to be had. The only method of travelling is to make a bargain with a *voiturier*, or perſon who for a certain ſum ſtipulates to carry you within a fixed time, and pay all your expences. Unfortunately in going from *Rome* to *Naples* I fell in with the *Procaccia*, or poſt, accompanied by a long train

train of carriages. As no place afforded more than one houſe of reſort, and that very indifferent, I could not avoid baiting at the ſame inns; and as I ſet off the ſame morning, and the mode of conveyance was preciſely the ſame, I could not get beyond the little town, or village where they ſlept. I contrived to arrive rather before them; they were firſt to be provided with chambers and proviſion, ſo the landlords told me: but upon the principle "firſt come, firſt ſerved," I ſeized a room. Several gentlemen belonging to the *Procaccia* ſoon afterwards ran up to the door, contending with each other to obtain poſſeſſion; but I decided the diſpute without giving to either the pain of ſeeing himſelf preferred, for I kept it myſelf. Had I not acted in this determined manner, I muſt have paſſed a night or two in a ſtable, and ſometimes wanted a dinner.

I TOOK poſt horſes at *Rome* on the 13th inſtant, imagining that I ſhould make more ſpeed than with the *Voituriers*, who only walk

walk their mules, and travel almoſt night and day. But there is one great convenience in employing them. When your agreement is made, you are neither ſubject to inſult, or impoſition. I now repent that I did not make that choice; for I am certain that I could have brought them to the terms of journeying between Sun and Sun.

LOOKING out of the window between *Rignano* and *Civita Caſtellana*, I diſcovered that ſome perſon had made free with one of the ſtraps of my trunk, and with that likewiſe which ſuſtained my drag-ſtaff. Soon after, the ſhaft horſe ſlipt himſelf by a ſtart out of the harneſs looſely put on, and left us in the middle of the road. When you recollect that my carriage has only two wheels, you will think my ſituation a little aukward. "Thus bad begins, but worſe remains behind." In deſcending a very ſteep hill, which hung over a vaſt profound, the Poſtilion, in ſpite of all I could ſay, would not ſtop to faſten the drag-chain Near the winding of the hill the ſhaft-horſe, which

which could no longer bear the breeching, ſet off on a full gallop, kicking and flinging every moment. The other two *could* not be left behind, they were all puſhed ſtraight for the precipice. The two-wheel carriages open before: to have jumped out therefore would not only have been dangerous, but ſcarcely poſſible. The poſtilion, for his own, not for my ſake, pulled againſt the ſhaft-horſe with all his force, and at length turned him; but the wheel took a ſweep within an inch of the precipice. My ſervant, who ſlept, was awakened by my vociferations. He began to hollow no leſs luſtily, and turned himſelf from ſide to ſide, not knowing what was beſt to be done. Though not greatly liable to fear, at that time it took ſtrong hold of me. It is difficult to pronounce whether maſter, or man, were moſt alarmed. At a ſmall diſtance from this diſaſtrous ſpot, an accident happened to a wheel. The damage could not be repaired under three, or four hours, ſo that I had

only to thank my ſtars, that the ill luck befel me near *Civita Caſtellana*, where I could be accommodated with a night's lodging. This was the firſt town which intereſted me after my departure from *Rome*. The greateſt part of the country was a barren heath, and the places where I changed horſes, miſerable *bourgs*.

Civita Caſtellana, like many of the *Italian* towns, is ſituated on a high rock. It would be but dry to enter into the diſpute whether it were the ancient *Veii*, the ſeat of the exploits of *Furius Camillus*. Let us rather attend to the poſition. The rock, on which it ſtands, is by the people called a *peninſula*, which is true, in as much as it joins the land only by an *iſthmus*; but the two rivulets ſcarcely form a viſible line of ſeparation. On one ſide is a very narrow valley, ſkirted by a hill of equal height with the rock; on the other, a rich and extenſive plain, terminated by bold and craggy mountains. One of the gates of entrance, and many ſmall houſes are hollowed out of the rock, which

is

is a ſoft porous ſtone, checkered with black and white. The former has a burnt appearance, and reſembles charcoal. I put a piece of it into water, which did not lie upon the ſurface conformably to the experiment of *Mr. Guenée*, but went to the bottom without the ſmalleſt reluctance. At no great diſtance from *Civita Caſtellana* ſtands Mount *Soracte*, now *St. Oreſte*, mentioned by *Horace*.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte.

It was literally in the ſame ſtate a few days ago, it's head being buried in ſnow.

Not many ſtages afterwards, we began to climb the *Appennines*. The roads, in general, run along the foot of them, by the ſide of a river; but ſometimes they wind up the acclivity even to the ſummit. They are not in the beſt condition, but their narrowneſs and want of fence, are heavier grounds of complaint. A vicious horſe, or an unforeſeen accident to a wheel, hurls you headlong into eternity. But I ſhould recollect that the traveller is under the guardian-

ſhip of a ſaint. The poſtilion, while aſcending, labors with whip and ſpur, and implores the aſſiſtance of St. *Antonio.* St. *Antonio, aiut,* an abreviation of *aiuto,* is the conſtant cry, until he reach the top.

Narni, anciently *Nequinum,* is built in a ſhelving direction near the top of a ſteep and rugged mountain.

——— *Monti duro per ſaxa recumbens*
Narnia. Sil. Ital. li. 8.

The *Nera,* formerly called the *Nar,* a river of no great width, flows beneath. The ſtreams are of a light blue color, ſave where the daſhing againſt a ſtony bed produces a white foam; but they yield no ſulphureous ſmell, and therefore do not correſpond either with the following deſcription,

——— *et Nar vitatus* odoro
Sulfure. Claud.

or with one of the reaſons aſſigned for calling it *Nar,* namely, *quod odore ſulphureo* nares *contingat**. Not far from the town, the *Nera* empties itſelf into the *Tevere,*

* See Cluverius's *Italia Antiqua.*

over

over which *Auguſtus* built a very grand bridge. I took a walk to view the remains. The foundations of three arches peep above the water; another of immenſe height is entire, the ſtones of which ſupport each other without cement.

EVERY ſtranger who viſits *Terni*, fails not to go and ſee the caſcade. In aſcending the mountain which leads to it, the eye is regaled with a moſt charming proſpect. Immediately underneath is the village of *Papinio*, ſeated upon a hill, which, though not inconſiderable in its height and ſize, appears but diminutive among the lofty range of *Apennines*. The middle is filled by the vale of *Terni* enriched by the meanders of the *Nera*, and interſperſed with towns, villages, and *caſſini*. The town of *Terni* here commands the moſt attention; the next, in point of conſequence, is *Ceſi*, built under a rock which overhangs it, and threatens ruin. I was informed that the people of the country, with a deſign to prevent the fall, of which they are extremely

apprehenſive, have chained the rock to the adjacent mountain. The back ground is occupied by a noble chain of mountains.

THE river *Velino* ruſhes down a precipice, above 200 feet high, into the hollow of a rock, from whence it rebounds, and, after meeting with many interruptions, diſcharges itſelf, with foam and rage, into the *Nera*. The duſty ſhowers, reflecting and refracting the rays of the ſun, diſplay a number of rainbows, perpetually ſhifting their ſituation, according to the various force with which the waters daſh againſt the crags. *Leandro Alberti* aſſerts that theſe clouds of miſt may be ſeen ſix miles off, and the noiſe of the torrent heard at the diſtance of ten*, but, when I was there, it was far from being the caſe in either reſpect. I was ſo ſprinkled, when I began to approach, that I miſtook it for rain; but, although none fell at that time, my guide informed me that they were ſeldom ever without it. Hence *Virgil* calls this country

* Deſcrittione di tutta l'Italia. p. 100.

roſea

roſea rura. The vaſt height of the mountains is the obvious cauſe.

Near the top of the fall is a prominent rock, upon which is a ſmall lodge for the uſe of the pope, when he chooſes to viſit this ſcene. The ſteps which lead to it, were glaced with ice, and dangerous to be paſſed. The cold was here as inſupportable, as the heat was in the valley. But the beſt view is from the riſing ground on the oppoſite bank of the *Nera*; for from that ſpot one *coup d'œil* takes in the whole.

This caſcade is not the work of nature, *ſolely.* It will not be a matter either incurious, or unamuſing, to trace it's hiſtory. The *Velino* often inundated the vale of *Rieti.* *M. Curius Dentatus*, the conqueror of the *Samnites*, and *Sabines*, turned his thoughts, in the year of *Rome* 483, to find an outlet for the water, and render the ſoil fruitful. He not only choſe a direction towards the vale of *Terni*, becauſe the declining ground was favourable; but becauſe

the canal might find a vent in the *Nera*. A cauſe was afterwards tried, the ground of which is not aſcertained, between the inhatants of *Terni* and *Rieti*. From a letter of *Cicero's* it appears that he was advocate for the *Reatini*. Whether the former charged the canal with occaſioning the *Nera* to overflow it's banks, or the latter petitioned that it might be made deeper, becauſe it did not ſufficiently drain their lands, is doubtful: but thus much is certain, that the canal remained open. It was the ſubject of another conteſt in the time of the emperor *Tiberius*. As the *Nera* empties itſelf into the *Tevere*, it was alledged that the *Velino*, by augmenting the *Nera*, occaſioned the inundations in the country about *Rome*. The ſenate paid no attention to the complaint. In proceſs of time the canal of *Dentatus* went to decay, and was choked; and the vale of *Rieti* again became marſhy. *Terni*, and *Rieti* renewed the litigation. For a long time no hearing could be obtained

tained, the State being employed in concerns of greater importance; but, at length, the affair was decided by *Bracio da Montone Perugino*, who, in the fifteenth century, for a while uſurped the ſovereign authority. He commanded a new cut to be made, which was called the *Reatine*. The excavation was ſo ſhallow, that, in the courſe of a few years, one part of the vale looked more like a lake. In 1546, *Paul* the IIId, ordered another canal to be undertaken, which was called the *Paoline*. *Gregory* the XIIIth reſtored the *Reatine*, which had fallen into a ruinous ſtate. But all theſe endeavors proved uſeleſs, and the people of *Rieti* labored under the ſame evil. *Clement* the VIIth put the work under the direction of *Fontana*, who made the old *Roman* canal larger, and deeper, and conveyed the water out of the other two. His plan anſwers all the purpoſes deſired.

I ought to have told you that the caſcade goes by the name of *Marmore*, becauſe the water

water of the *Velino* depoſes materials, which form a cruſt reſembling a ſpecies of marble. " *In exitu paludis Reatinæ*, ſays *Pliny*, *ſaxum creſcit**.

My journey ſhall be continued the firſt moment of leiſure.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

* Lib. 2. Num. 103.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

.....

To Henry Hobhouſe, Eſq.

Venice, March 6*th*, 1785.

DEAR COUSIN.

I Slept at *Terni* the ſame evening that I viſited the caſcade. The next morning I ſet off for *Strettura*, which is ſituated at the foot of a mountain, called *Somma*. The unparalleled impertinence of the oſtler, at that little town, not a little ſurpriſed me. Upon finding that I ſent back nothing by the poſtilion to the oſtler of the laſt ſtage, his own hopes were defeated, and he obſerved. *Sono pochiſſimi viaggiatori per poſta, e quei ſono cattivi.* I replied *Non ſi deve far maravíglia di queſto, giacchè li ſtallieri e poſtiglíoni ſtrappazzáno i foreſtieri.* The moſt horrid oath then burſt from his mouth,

maledetta

maledetta ſia l'anima di quel Santo, chi vi á portato in queſto paéſe. Wiſhing to avoid further dialogue, I called out, *attaccate i cavalli ſubito.* This he refuſed to do, and declared, "You have no buſineſs to remain in your carriage; how can I poſſibly lift the ſhafts? *Non ſono un facchino.*" No, ſaid I, *Non ſete d'un meſtiére ſi honeſto.* This produced ſuch a torrent of foul-mouthed language that I loſt my temper, and ſpringing out, with a piſtol in my hand, inſiſted that he ſhould lead the horſes out of the ſtable inſtantly. He complied, but with a ſneer; and, on my departure, exclaimed, *Ringraziate il buon Dio che ſete ſcappato a ſi buon mercato: ſe non foſſe per il timor di Dio*—Here the carriage drove off, and I could diſtinguiſh no more. I ſuſpended my deſcription, when I lighted on the name of *Strettura*, not being able to refrain from ſtating this ſingular inſolence of the oſtler, and my own imprudence.

We croſſed *Somma*, which is ſuppoſed to be the higheſt *Apennine* in this part of the country.

country. It did not, however, appear to me ſo high as *Colfiorito* between *Seravalle* and *Pont le Trave*, nor was it, like that, covered with ſnow. In deſcending *Colfiorito*, we were obliged to uſe the drag-chain, and the carriage went, like a ſledge, over the ice.

Spoletto is ſituated partly on a plain, and partly on a hill upon the top of which is a large fortreſs. From thence you command the *Clitumnus*, winding through the fertile plain of *Foligno*, and the diſtant hills. Mr. Addiſon obſerves, that the river *Clitumnus* is "celebrated by many of the poets for a particular quality in it's waters of making cattle white that drink it." But not the poets only ſpeak of it in that manner. *Pliny* in his Natural Hiſtory, b. 2, c. 103, gives as a reaſon for claſſing the *Clitumnus* among the "wonderful" rivers, that it poſſeſſes the property of communicating a white color to all the cattle who ſlake their thirſt in it's ſtreams. Mr. Addiſon's conjecture accounts for the origin of this idea.

It

It is probable, ſays he, that this breed was firſt ſettled in the country, and continued the ſame ſpecies. In *Bœotia*, continues *Pliny*, the river *Melas* converts white into black ſheep, and the *Cephiſſus*, which runs out of the ſame lake, produces an oppoſite effect. Is not our author very credulous, in believing that contrary powers are to be attributed to the ſame water? One would have thought that this circumſtance alone would have led him to aſcribe theſe popular notions to the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. Addiſon.

Spoletto is a very ancient city. One of the oldeſt gates, called *Porta Fuga*, is preſerved as a memorial of the *fuga*, or flight, of *Annibal*. That great general, having defeated the *Romans* at *Thraſymene* 217 years before Chriſt, marched ſtraight for *Rome*, laying waſte the whole country, and at length beſieged *Spoletto*, from whence he was driven with great ſlaughter*. There are ſome other antiquities at *Spoletto*, but

* Livy Crevier. Edit. vol. 3, b. 22, p. 102.

the

the moſt ſtriking is an aqueduct of immenſe height. It is doubted whether this ſtructure was raiſed in the time of the *Goths*, or *Romans;* certain it is that it bears no reſemblance to the *Roman* works of that kind. May it not have been built by *Thedoric* the Oſtrogoth, the conqueror of *Italy*, who had a palace at *Spolettot?* According to cuſtom I went to viſit the Cathedral. A picture was pointed out to me as a *Guercino*. St. *Francis* and another ſaint, together with St. *Cecilia*, are invoking the bleſſed virgin repreſented in the Heavens. The head of St. *Francis* is not without expreſſion, but St. *Cecilia* looks like a country girl; the glory is not ſufficiently *aerial*.

In the plain of *Foligno*, near the road ſide from thence to *Spoletto*, are very conſiderable remains of a ſmall temple. The

† "Ravenna and Verona, as well as Pavia, Spoletto, Naples, and the reſt of the Italian cities, acquired under his reign *(Theodoric's)*, the uſeful or ſplendid decorations of churches, aqueducts, baths, porticoes, and palaces." Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. 4,

perſon

perſon who ſhewed it to me, called it the Temple of *Diana*, but could give no reaſon for it. By ſome it is ſaid to have been dedicated to the God of the river *Clitumnus*, near the ſource of which it ſtands. The ſituation of it is beautiful and picturesque. It is an oblong ſquare; in front are two *Corinthian* pilaſtres, and four *Corinthian* columns two of which are fluted ſpirally. The entrance was on each ſide, becauſe the edifice is built on the declivity of a hill. The ornaments of the frize and architecture are highly finiſhed. In another part of the ſame plain is *Bevagna*, anciently *Mevania*, ſituated near the mouth of the *Clitumnus*, where it mixes with the *Topinio*, by ſome of the ancient writers termed *Tinia*, and by others *Tinna*. The plain of *Foligno* yields not in fruitfulneſs to any other among the *Appennines*, nay in *Italy*. In this happy ſpot is the town of *Foligno*, only remarkable for having a picture done by *Raphael*. It ſtands in a convent. A Madonna and Infant Jeſus are ſup-

ſupported on a cloud. On her right are St. *John* and St. *Francis*: on the left a Cardinal on his knees, by the ſide of whom is St. *Jerome* in the attitude of admiration; and in the middle an Angel with a blank book in his hand. Although evidently of *Raphael's* pencil, it ſtands not ſo high in my eſteem, as many other of his works. The glory is of too grey a color. The St. *John* with black diſhevelled hair, and clothed in a camel's hide, may well be miſtaken for a clown, The countenance of the Angel is good, but he appears to have a ſwollen belly. In the face of the virgin are great ſimplicity, and mildneſs of aſpect. The portraits of St. *Francis*, the Cardinal, and St. *Jerome* are entitled to great praiſe. The country in the back ground is ill deſigned, and of a muddy green. This picture cannot be eſtimated fairly, as it has greatly ſuffered by time.

BETWEEN *Foligno* and *Loretto*, are no towns which call for notice. As ſoon as I arrived at the latter, I haſtened to the *Santa Caſa*. The miracles recounted of the

 image

image of the *Madonna*, and the crucifix, are idle tales fit only for children; but nevertheleſs there is ſcarcely a perſon in *Loretto*, who does not believe the unaſſiſted return of a wooden croſs to the ſame ſpot, although removed from it ſeveral times; and many other things equally abſurd. The pavement which ſurrounds the *Santa Caſa*, is evidently worn by the knees of pilgrims, and other worſhippers. Of the many whom I ſaw thus holily employed, ſome were offering up prayers in behalf of individuals too indolent to impoſe that trouble on themſelves, and wealthy enough to pay others. The price of a round is a *quattrino*, or farthing. Is it poſſible that any can be ſo ignorant as to ſuppoſe this venal mortification and devotion acceptable to the Almighty, or are they but impoſtors? Pilgrims from all parts are allowed a daily portion of bread and wine, and lodging for three nights. They then make their departure; a hood deck'd with ſhells, and a large ſtaff are the diſtinguiſhing

guiſhing marks of their dreſs. Fame greatly belies them, if the latter be not ſometimes uſed to obtain that livelihood by violence, which is not always to be gained by intreaty. There is nothing ſo marketable at *Loretto*, as a piece of the veil of the *Madonna*. It is marked with an impreſſion of her *Ladyſhip*, and certified to have been worn by her, i. e. by her image, which is the ſame thing. Great care is taken leſt the ſcrap of ſacred veſtment be defiled by polluted hands, for it is ſold under an expreſs condition that it be not touched. By theſe means no ſmall ſums are raiſed by the prieſts, who carry their craft in this country to very great lengths.

THE *Santa Caſa* is a heavy piece of brick building with an outward caſe of marble. It ſtands in the middle of the Church of *Notre Dame*, and came there, according to accounts, in a very miraculous way. The riches which it contains, are *ex voto* offerings of moſt of the Catholic Princes. The favors of the *Madonna* are only to be obtained by

gold, or diamonds; or, when unexpectedly granted, thus to be recompenſed. Accordingly *Louis* the XIIIth when he wiſhed for a ſon, and the Prince of *Conde* when delivered from a priſon, ſent a moſt expenſive preſent to *Santa Caſa*. But great as is the value of the gold, ſilver, jewels, &c. of the *Santa Caſa*, it is not at all equal to the ſplendid contents of the *Teſoro*, a ſeparate building within the ſame church.

THE town is agreeably ſituated on the top of a hill, and commands a view of the *Adriatic*, which is not far diſtant. Every part of *Italy* abounds in beggars, but I have no where met with ſo many miſerable objects. They proſtrate themſelves, and kiſs the very ground, which the perſon, of whom they ſolicit charity, is to paſs. I cannot bear to ſee mortals thus humble themſelves before a fellow creature; at the ſame time I feel no ſurprize, that pining with hunger, and agitated by the horrors of famine, they ſhould ſtoop to the moſt abject forms of ſupplication. Would it be an ungodly deed in his Holineſs

Holineſs the Pope to apply a very ſmall part of theſe dead ſums, to the relief of his ſuffering flock?—" Neither heaven, nor man, would grieve at the mercy."

Let your next be addreſſed to me *a la poſte reſtante a Straſbourg.*

Affectionately yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLV.

To Henry Hobhouſe, Eſq.

Turin, March 20*th*, 1795.

DEAR COUSIN.

THE only towns of conſequence between *Loretto* and *Bologna*, are *Ancona*, *Sinigaglia*, *Fano*, *Peſaro*, *and Rimini*, all ſeated upon the coaſt of the *Adriatic*.

Ancona, at which place I ended my painful traverſe of the *Apennines*, ſtands upon a hill which overlooks the bay, ſo that from ſea it is a beautiful object. The ſtreets are narrow and dirty, and the houſes ill-built. It is the moſt conſiderable port which the Pope poſſeſſes in the *Adriatic*. The people are induſtrious, and carry on a conſiderable commerce.

JUVENAL

JUVENAL alludes to a temple of *Venus*, which ſtood on Mount *Ancon*.

Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon.

Not a ſtone of it is to be diſcovered. The term *Dorica* ſufficiently ſhews the early origin of *Ancona*.

Near the port is an arch of no inconſiderable ſize, and in a high ſtate of preſervation. It is built of large marble blocks, ſo well joined as to appear but one piece, and from being placed near the ſea, is kept white by the winds, and ſalt ſea-vapors. Each front is decorated by two Corinthian columns. *Nervæ Trajano—quod ex pecuniâ ſuâ portum tutiorem navigantibus reddiderit* is a part of the principal inſcription; in another part, are the words *Plotinæ, Aug. Conjugi*; and in a third, *Divæ Martianæ Aug. Sorori Aug.* Hence we learn that this arch was erected in teſtimony of the munificence of *Trajan*, who rendered the port more ſecure; and that *Plotina* the wife, and *Martiana* the

ſiſter, enjoyed a ſhare of the honors beſtowed on the Emperor.

Sinigaglia is an ancient, well-built town, ſtrongly fortified; and has a ſmall, but commodious port. *Livy*, in the 27th book, mentions, that *Livius Salinator* was at *Sena*, the ancient name of this place, when he was joined by *Claudius Nero*. Theſe Generals afterwards gave battle to *Aſdrubal*, the *Carthaginian* Chief, at the foot of a mountain, now called *Monte d'Aſdrubale*, on the banks of the *Metaurus*, now *Metro*. Between *Sinigaglia* and *Fano* I croſſed the river, but not exactly at the ſpot where the bloody action was fought. Victory decided for *Rome*, who no longer trembled for her ſafety.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Teſtis Metaurum flumen, et Aſdrubal
Devictus, Hor. lib. 4. Od. 4.

The defeat of the *Carthaginians*, made known to *Annibal* by the head of *Aſdrubal* hurled by the *Romans* into the tent, threw him into deſpair

deſpair. The *Metro* riſes in the *Apennines*, from whence it deſcends with great velocity, mixes itſelf near *Toſſo Umbrone*, the ancient *forum Sempronii*, with the *Candiano*, by which it is conſiderably augmented, and ruſhing forwards, diſcharges itſelf into the ſea near *Fano*.

——— *rapiduſque ſonanti*
Vortice contorquens undas per ſaxa Metaurus. Silius, lib. 8.

Although there was but little water, I could eaſily perceive, by the width of the bed and the collection of large ſtones, that it ſometimes rolls with fury.

At *Fano* are the remains of an arch, by ſome ſaid to have been erected in honor of *Auguſtus*, and according to others, dedicated to *Conſtantine*. It is formed of marble, and evidently conſtructed in two different ages, for the ſculpture of the lower part is good, but that of the upper is the reverſe. This town is commonly ſuppoſed to have derived it's appellation from a *fanum*, or temple of Fortune which ſtood there, but of which no veſtige is left behind.

Peſaro

Peſaro is a neat town: one long, wide ſtreet runs through the middle of it. The houſes are in general well built, but it's principal beauty is a ſpacious ſquare. The inhabitants inſiſt, that it is no longer the unhealthy place deſcribed by *Catullus*.

Præterquam iſte tuus moribundâ ſede Piſauri
Hoſpes inauratâ pallidior ſtatuâ. Catullus.

Rimini is the ancient *Ariminium*. On entering, you paſs under the arch of *Auguſtus*, which has not it's equal in magnificence. There is a medallion on each ſide of it. The one appears to incloſe a head of the *barbati Jovis*: the other a *Juno*. The ſtone, of which this ſtructure is compoſed, is dug in the *Apennines*, and called marble, which it unqueſtionably reſembles. The arch at *Fano*, as well as *Rimini*, was probably not triumphal, but raiſed upon ſome ſuch occaſion, as that at *Ancona*. A broad ſtreet, adorned on both ſides with good houſes, leads from this arch to a piazza, or ſquare, in which is a handſome marble fountain. In this ſquare was pointed out to me a

ſuggeſtum

ſuggeſtum of ſtone, with an inſcription, nearly as follows.

C. I. Cæſar
Dictator
Rubicone
ſuperato
civili bello
Commilitones ſuos
in foro---
adlocutus eſt.

Mr. *Addiſon* has made it appear moſt clearly, that this could not have been a *ſuggeſtum.* They were alway made of wood, and carried with the army. *Cæſar,* engaged in ſuch an enterpriſe, could not have ſtayed, while one was made of ſtone. It may have been a pedeſtal, on which a ſtatue of *Cæſar* was once placed.

On leaving *Rimini* I went over the ancient bridge built by *Auguſtus,* and *Tiberius,* as the inſcription imports. *Palladio* adjudged it to be a *chef d'œuvre* in it's kind. It is compoſed of large ſquares of marble, and has five arches, the weſtermoſt of which is modern. Here ends the *via Flaminia,* many pieces

pieces of which make part of the road from *Rome* to *Rimini*. I often wiſhed that this, as well as the *Appian* way, had been leſs durable, for they gave me many a violent concuſſion. The route was now no longer on the ſea coaſt. Near *Ceſena* I croſſed a bridge over the *Piſatello*, ſuppoſed to be the *Rubicon*, which was certainly ſituated not far from that town. *Ceſena*, ſays *Strabo*, *Iſapi fluvio propinqua, et Rubiconi*. When *Cæſar*, on his return from *Gaul*, reached the banks of the *Rubicon*, which divided it from *Italy*, he deliberated whether in conformity to the ſtanding decreee of the Senate, he ſhould lay down the arms of his troops. "At laſt, rouſing with a ſudden ſtart of courage, he cried out, *The die is caſt;* with which words he paſſed the river*." This was the commencement of the civil war.

Iam gelidas Cæſar curſu ſuperaverat Alpes
Ingenteſque animo motus, bellumque futurum
cæperat, ut ventum eſt parvi Rubiconis ad undas.
Luc. lib. 1. v. 186.

* Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæſar.

This

This river was *parvus* when I ſaw it; but a fall of rain, or ſnow, ſwells it very conſiderably.

NOTWITHSTANDING I did not include *Ceſena* in my liſt of towns deſerving notice, it may perhaps claim a word, or two. I did not expect to find it ſo large, or inhabited by ſo many families of diſtinction. It is the native place of the preſent Pope. The houſes have colonades before them, ſo that you walk the ſtreets, ſheltered againſt the ſun and rain. I ſlept there, and can aſſure you that the wines have not degenerated ſince the time of *Pliny*. I roſe betimes the next morning, and dined at *Bologna*.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

To John Hobhouſe, Eſq.

Turin, March 23*d*, 1795.

HON^D. SIR.

BOLOGNA is about five miles in circumference, and has the ſame convenience of porticoes for foot paſſengers, as *Ceſena*. The public edifices are magnificent, and admired for their architecture: ſo indeed are ſeveral of the houſes belonging to the nobility, which are likewiſe decorated with many excellent paintings within. Shall I mention thoſe which I thought moſt ſtriking, and offer you my remarks? The liſt, though far from inconſiderable, is not ſo large as to terrify me from entering into the detail. Should you feel tired before you come to the concluſion, read no more upon

upon the ſubject, but try if you can find any thing more intereſting in the remaining part of the letter.

PALAZZO PUBLICO,

Or the Palace in which the Senate holds it's Aſſemblies.

Sampſon with his foot on a dead *Philiſtine*. He holds up to his mouth the jaw-bone of the aſs, from whence water miraculouſly iſſues for the purpoſe of allaying his thirſt. *Sampſon* is a bold and well-proportioned figure, and thrown into a fine attitude. The canvas begins to crack, and the colors to ſuffer. I ſaw this with concern, for it is certainly one of the capital works of *Guido*.

St. John, when a boy, in the deſert. What expreſſion, what grace! The color of the fleſh is too much the color of the rock, againſt which he leans. It is diſputed whether *this* picture, or *that* at *Florence*, or *that* at *Paris*, be the original *Raphael*.

A child in ſwadling-clothes, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. It was a preſent from one of the Kings of France. Simplicity and innocence are well depicted.

Paris

Paris preſenting the apple to *Mercury*, that he might carry it to *Venus*, by *Donato Creti*. Manhood and beauty are happily united in *Paris*: *Mercury* is ſuſpended with lightneſs in the air, but his body appears to exceed the proper proportion in length.

A moſt excellent *St. Jerome*, by *Simon Peſaro*. Attention to his book is ſtrongly marked. The ſunk breaſt, and withered form of age, are ſkilfully executed.

PALAZZO CAPRARI.

A *Sybil*, by *Guercino*.

A *Madonna* and *Child*, upon a ſmall ſcale, by *Coreggio*. The face of the Virgin is heavenly.

A Dance of Boys, by *Albani*. They have too much the ſame face, but the ſportive attitudes are charming.

A *Madonna* drawing off a veil from the infant *Jeſus*, by *Pietro Perugino*. You may look through the veil.

PALAZZO RANUZZI.

Boys at play, in *freſco*, by *Franceſchino*.

An excellent picture by *Giacomo di Francia*, the reſtorer of painting. The colors are as freſh, as if done but yeſterday. It was much ſtudied by *Raphael*. The ſubject is ſacred. I was highly pleaſed with a beautiful figure in one of the corners.

Hercules and *Iole*, a capital piece, by *Canuti*. She has ſtolen the club from the hands of the ſleeping hero, and placed a diſtaff in it's ſtead. To make her capable of carrying ſo great a weight robuſtneſs was neceſſary, but the form is not leſs graceful, or feminine. Her air of ſmiling triumph is admirable. Enormous ſtrength in a ſtate of relaxation, is well diſplayed in *Hercules*.

A *Roman* charity, by *Paſinelli*.

The Rape of *Helen*, by *Luca Jordano*.

The wife of *Potifer* endeavouring to drag *Joſeph* to her bed, by *Guido*.

A *Fides*, by *Guercino*.

Rural ſcenes, by *Gamberini*.

PALAZZO ZAMBECARI di S. PAOLO.

Judith and *Holophernes*, by *M. Angelo Caravaggio*. The ſubject is horrid, but the performance maſterly. The ſtruggle between life and death is ſtriking. A mixture of pleaſure and horror is viſible in the countenance of *Judith*.

Two *Guercino's;* the one a *Magdalene*, the other a crow carrying bread to *Paul*, the hermit.

A head of St. *Francis*, which appears to be alive, by *Dominichino*.

Two good pieces, by *Lodovico Carraci;* the one, *Moſes* with the tables of teſtimony lying upon the ground broken; the other, *Abraham* entertaining the three angels.

PALAZZO MALVEZZI.

A *Madonna*, St. *Anna*, the child *Jeſus*, and St. *John*. The countenance of the *Madonna* is beautiful. *Jeſus* has his foot upon a cuſhion, which, in conſequence of the preſſure,

preſſure, riſes round it. The folds are beautiful. My mind recurred to a picture, nearly, if not exactly the ſame, of Mr. Okover's, at Okover in *Derbyſhire*. Both are aſcribed to *Raphael*.

A good picture, by *Innocentius de Imola*. The ſubject ſacred, as uſual.

Jupiter turning the mountains upon the giants. It has ſuffered much from the hand of time, but it is eaſy to diſcover the traits of *Guido's* pencil.

Scenes of common life, by *Gamberini*.

PALAZZO TANARI.

UPON the outward wall, in *chiaroſcuro*, a moſt beautiful *Hercules* combating the *Hydra*, by *Guercino*.

IN the apartments, an Aſſumption of the Virgin, by the ſame maſter, in his ſtrong manner.

A *Madonna*, larger than nature, giving ſuck to *Jeſus*, and a St. *John* ſtanding near, by *Guido*. In her countenance ſweetneſs and dignity are combined. The left arm round the child is a little damaged by age,

but it is not ſo much to be regretted, as it was always clumſy.

SOME good ſketches. *Chriſt's* laſt ſupper with his diſciples, by *Agoſtino Caracci*, is to be claſſed among the foremoſt.

PALAZZO SAMPIERI.

Hercules combating the lion; *Hercules* engaged with *Anteus*; Virtue opening the heavens for the reception of *Hercules*. Theſe three noble pictures are done upon the ceilings, in *freſco*, and are the production of the *Caracci*.

THREE other capital pieces, by the *Caracci*. The woman taken in adultery, by *Agoſtino*; the good *Samaritan*, ſo much celebrated, by *Annibale*; the *Cananite*, by *Lodovico*.

THE rape of *Proſerpine*, by *Albani*. The *Cupids*, dancing round a tree, are ſweet figures; the chariot, in which *Pluto* conveys her away, ſhould have occupied a part of the fore-ground. Being placed in the diſtance; it is neceſſarily little, and inſignificant; and the ſubject does not explain itſelf ſo readily as it ought.

Leander

Leander in the arms of *Hero*, by *Rubens*. *Abraham* driving away *Agar*, by *Guercino*. It is not in his own forcible manner, but in the ſtyle of *Guido*, which he frequently imitated. The woman is lovely; every part of the piece indeed is deſerving attention.

Paul remonſtrating with *Peter*, who is weeping, by *Guido*. This is not only eſteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of that eminent maſter, but the moſt complete picture in *Italy*. *Connoiſſeurs* have not been able to find a ſingle fault, or defect.

THERE are ſome fine paintings alſo in the churches; in St. *Giovani in Monte* is the celebrated St. *Cecilia*, by *Raphael*. The *Carraccis* are ſaid to have acquired all their ſkill by ſtudying this picture. But, notwithſtanding all it's merit, it is to be lamented that perſons are brought together, who did not live at the ſame period, St. *Cecilia*, St. *John*, and St. *Paul*. But I ſhall be aſked, is a poem, or painting, rendered leſs beautiful by an anachroniſm? The characters may be well aſſociated; but, after all, I

would rather that a ſubject be wholly true, or wholly fabulous. When it is taken from hiſtory, I feel diſappointed if I diſcover a departure from fact, or if the order of time be confounded.

I muſt not diſmiſs *Bologna* without noticing a peculiarity in the pronunciation of the inhabitants. They cut off the termination of words, and thus the *Italian*, whoſe harmony is derived from the final vowels, loſes all it's muſic.

I had no ſmall difficulty in ſettling my route from *Bologna* to *Venice*. There are two roads; the one by *Cento*, *Ferrara*, *Rovigo*, *Padua*, *&c.* which was declared to be hardly paſſable from *Ferrara* at this ſeaſon of the year; the other by *Modena*, *Mantua*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *&c.* which is not very bad, but longer by 40 miles. It was a capital objection to this laſt tract, that *Vicenza* and *Verona* lay in my way from *Venice* to *Milan*, and thus I ſhould twice beat over the ſame ground. As I was aſſured that the road as far as *Francolino*, five miles beyond *Ferrara*, might

might be travelled, and that there I might hire a bark for *Venice*, I determined on that mode. I was not only induced to adopt it that I might avoid a repetion of the ſame road, but that I might likewiſe have an opportunity of ſeeing ſome good *Guercino's* at *Cento*, the place of his nativity. I found however but two or three; for when his fame began to ſpread, moſt of his beſt pieces were purchaſed, and carried away. His townſmen are not a little proud of claiming country with him. Reputation had not belied the roads, which being ſubject to frequent inundations from the *Reno*, are during the winter in a moſt founderous condition. At *Cento le maitre de poſte* wiſhed to put four horſes to my light two-wheeled carriage. I informed him that by the *tarif* I was obliged to pay for two only, but I conſented to the *pertichino*, or third, on his aſſurance that two would certainly prove inſufficient. For once the intelligence from this quarter turned out to be true. My carriage frequently ſtuck in the

mire, and half an hour's labor, with the aſſiſtance of what hands we could procure, could ſometimes ſcarcely extricate it. I was a whole day in going poſt from *Bologna* to *Ferrara*, which is no more than 33, or 34 miles. *Ferrara* is a large town, ſituated in a fertile country, on the banks of the *Po*, which waſhes it on the eaſt, and ſouth. The ſtreets are of a good width, and the houſes well built. It is well fortified with baſtions, and only to be entered by paſſing ſeveral draw-bridges. I ſet off the next morning for *Francolino*, and ſuch is the badneſs of the roads, that though the diſtance be ſo very ſmall, I was ſome hours before I arrived there. There were *peotas* in abundance; nevertheleſs one only was to be hired, and that on the maſter's own terms. The ſeveral maſters had previouſly come to an agreement to take turns, ſo that all competition was deſtroyed. The loweſt to which I could bring him, was eight *Roman zechins**, excluſive of *buona mano* for the

* A *Roman zechin* is worth rather leſs than half-a-guinea.

men.

men. My carriage, and proviſions were embarked. Nothing but a ſtrong north wind could detain me; but it was my ill luck that it blew from that quarter, ſo that I was compelled to ſtay the remainder of that day, and the next night, in a moſt miſerable hovel. As the current of the *Po* was in my favour, I could eaſily have reached my place of deſtination in twenty-four hours, had there been no wind; but, if it be ſoutherly, the voyage is ſeldom more than eighteen. After a courſe of thirty-five miles upon that river you enter the canals, and purſue them until you come to the lakes in which *Venice* ſtands. If the wind be againſt you, as was my caſe, you lengthen the route five miles, and paſs by the canal on the *Brenta* to *Fuſina*. In going from *Francolino* to *Fuſina* I was above thirty hours. The night was one of the coldeſt I ever felt, not only in *France* or *Italy*, but even *England*. There was only a little ſhelter for the head in the middle part of the *peota*, which is a kind of lighter.

The

The wind entered on every ſide; I could not long remain there, but retired within my carriage. Finding myſelf in a little time quite benumbed, I changed my ſituation for a ſeat near a brazier of charcoal, by the fumes of which I was almoſt poiſoned. You may eaſily imagine that by the time I arrived at *Fuſina*, I was thorougly worn out. It was ſo far convenient to paſs by that place, that I had an opportunity of leaving my carriage there until my return. I muſt otherwiſe have diſembarked it at *Venice*, and reimbarked it when I departed for *Milan*. The wind was ſo high that the *peota* could not with ſafety attempt to croſs from *Fuſina* to *Venice*, which is rather more than a league. Stranger to comfortable ſleep for two ſucceſſive nights, the one ſpent in a hut at *Francolino*, the other upon the water without any effectual covering from the moſt piercing cold, I could not bear the thought of waiting until the following day at ſuch a village as *Fuſina;* but regardleſs of the weather,

ther, which was truly rough, I took a *gondola*, and made for *Venice**.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.

B. H.

P. S. With the hopes of hearing from ſome of you, I add the names of the principal towns which I propoſe to take in my way home. Trace me upon your maps from hence to *Geneva*, *Lauſanne*, *Berne*, and *Baſle*; and afterwards to *Straſbourg*, *Nancy*, *Rheims*, *Cambray*, *St. Arras*, *St. Omer*, and *Calais*.

* My pen, which had for a long time been unable to keep pace with me, now abandoned the regular purſuit. I find indeed but two letters more, the one deſcribing my paſſage over Mount *Cenis*, the other my journey to *Lauſanne*. Although I have a perfect image of moſt of the places in the other parts of my tour, many of the obſervations which occurred upon the ſpot, are by an interval of ten years obliterated from my memory.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

.....

To the Rev. John Jenkins.

Evercreech, near *Shepton*,

MARCH 25, 1785.

I Date this ſcrawl from *Novaleſe*, a ſmall village at the foot of the *Piedmont* ſide of Mount *Cenis*. It is now mid-day, the ſky is clear, and the guides aſſure me that the weather could not be more favorable. In two hours hence I depart: *en attendant* the dinner, how can I be better employed than in writing to ſo good a friend? I was about to ſay that I hoped *this* ſheet would have better luck than *that* I addreſſed to you from *Naples*, but I correct myſelf; for the chance is equal, that it is your anſwer which has miſcarried. Be this as it may, I know not how to expreſs

the

the diſappointment I have felt, and ſtill feel, in never having heard from you.

ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.

I have this moment, finiſhed a haſty dinner. As it is Friday, they would give me no other than *maigre* fare. The fiſh being dreſſed in oil, which to me is intolerable, I have ſcarcely found any thing to eat. It is not the only time I have been obliged to faſt during this Lent. But the mortification not being voluntary, the Catholics do not leſs include me among the number of loſt ſouls. What is that repeated noiſe of hammers? The men are ſeparating the parts of my carriage, for the purpoſe of tranſporting it to the other ſide of the mountain. The dexterity with which they execute it, is aſtoniſhing; but I ſhould be more an admirer of it, if they had not broken my front window. The body is placed between two poles—before and behind is a mule—they are this inſtant gone from the door. The carriage part is taken in

in the ſame manner. A mule carries the two wheels, and in the rear, is another with the trunk. My ſervant, myſelf, and the *voiturier*, with whom I had bargained to convey me to *Geneva*, have, each, one of theſe animals. A conſiderable party of guides attends, one of whom leads the horſes of the *voiturier*. All is ready: I hear the ſummons to depart. I confeſs that I have no good will to traverſe a very high mountain of ſnow, for I at preſent labor under a dreadful cold in the head, accompanied with that catarrhal defluction from my noſe and eyes, to which I am ſo ſubject. I am aware that there is a riſque of ſtopping this diſcharge, and throwing it on the breaſt, but what can I do? I poſitively ſhall never be cured in this wretched cottage. Let me not ſtudy difficulties. *Eundum eſt.*

LANEBOURG *on the* SAVOY SIDE.

IMAGINE me croſſing the mountain. The road is made on the loweſt, and moſt practicable part. To the ſummit are ſix miles.

I muſt

I muſt not be underſtood to ſpeak of the perpendicular height, but of the length of the road, which neceſſarily is winding. I am now half way up, but the ſun ſhines ſo powerfully, that I am not yet ſenſible of cold. At a little diſtance is a village, which appears buried in ſnow, and totally inacceſſible. My mule goes remarkably ſafe. I have given him the bridle from the beginning. How carefully the poor creature ſelects his way! His maſter has not come near him; but I ſee him advance—he begins to converſe with me.

" On the top, to the right, ſir, is a ſmall chapel, where maſs is performed once every year, in the month of Auguſt." Where is this chapel? I can not diſcover it. " At preſent, ſir, it is not viſible, it ſtands on the upmoſt ridge, which is ſeldom to be ſeen, on account of the overhanging clouds and miſt." After a conſiderable pauſe, I reſume —Am I yet arrived at three parts of the height? " Yes, exactly."

It begins to feel intenſely cold, and the road is covered with hard ice. At length, after an aſcent of three hours and a half, I reach the extenſive plain and lake, which are upon the ſummit. The guide informs me that the herbage is good for making butter and cheeſe, and that in the months of July and Auguſt cows are brought here. Both verdure and water are now hidden, the whole being one ſheet of ſnow. How piercing is the cold! How my fingers and feet ſmart? When I lately diſmounted, on putting my foot to the ground an acute pain went through and through me. I dread to experience the ſame ſuffering, but muſt ſubmit to it; for I ſhall infallibly loſe the uſe of my limbs, if I remain on the back of my mule. This plain is called the *Grande croix*; in one part of it is a hoſpital for the reception of pilgrims, and ſick paſſengers. At a ſmall diſtance further is a tavern. The men can not paſs it without moiſtening their mouths. We enter; the kitchen is full of the reſidents of the mountain,

tain, miners who are conſtantly employed in ſeeking ſilver and lead, of both which it contains great abundance. Habit ſeems to have overcome the horrors of ſo hard a life. They are cheerful and communicative. I am now about to go downwards. There is more ſnow than on the other ſide, the valley being narrower. Several groves of firs extend themſelves from the middle to the bottom. It is not uncommon to take a ſledge, by means of which you deſcend moſt rapidly. The conductors have pointed irons to their feet. They ſtick them into the ice, when they wiſh to reſt, or perceive the ſledge to take a wrong direction. This mode is called *ſe faire ramaſſer*, and is always adopted by the ladies, who are carried upwards in a chair by porters. We determine to go on foot. How I ſlide and tumble! I almoſt wiſh that I had hired a ſledge. I run ſo quickly that I begin to grow warm. Three quarters of an hour brings me to this

place. After such fatigue, bed will be delightful. I bid you a good night. Make my kindest remembrances to Mrs. J. and believe me

Sincerely yours,

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mrs. Hobhouſe.

Lauſanne, April 3, 1795.

DEAR MADAM.

FROM *Turin* to *Novaleſe* I met with no difficulties. The firſt ſtage or two is an excellent road, almoſt on a ſtraight line, bordered on each ſide with trees. The valley then grows more and more contracted, and the rocks more and more lofty and rugged, until you reach the foot of Mount *Cenis*. I cannot ſay ſo much for the firſt three ſtages of my journey from *Lanebourg*. The valley is ſo very cloſe, and the ſides of the mountain ſo thickly covered with pines and firs, as to be almoſt inacceſſible to the rays of the ſun. The road,

which winds through thoſe groups, was ſo overwhelmed with ſnow and ice, as to be impaſſable in a carriage. A mule bore the trunk, in the ſame manner as when I paſſed the mountain the day before. My ſervant walked on foot. I was conveyed upon the back of one of the horſes belonging to the *voiturier*, who, mounted upon the other, dragged the carriage part of my *cabriolet*. The body was placed upon a ſledge, to which were harneſſed two mules, one before the other. It has two long arms, or handles, before. Between theſe, and cloſe to the heels of the hindermoſt mule, the driver is poſted. Whenever we went down a deſcent, I trembled for this fellow. If the mule had tumbled, kicked, or refuſed to go on; or had he himſelf made a falſe ſtep in hurrying with ſuch velocity over the ice; his life would have been endangered. The adroitneſs with which he acquitted himſelf, and the compoſure of his countenance, aſſured me that whatever *my* apprehenſions were, *he* had none. Such was the expedition with which

which he travelled, that he ſoon left the reſt of the party behind. The luggage-mule appeared unequal to his burden. I foretold that he would fall, that the bottom of the trunk would be forced out, and the road be ſcattered with ſnuff-boxes, and buttons made of the lava of *Veſuvius*. The former part of my prediction was quickly verified, down went the infirm beaſt. After having made many vain attempts to riſe, he at length ſucceeded by the aſſiſtance of my ſervant, and the muleteer. I met ſeveral people in ſledges, who ſat unconcerned while they were hurried down ſteeps of ſnow and ice. They had, in general, their muffs and bag-wigs. This dreſs, and the extended poſture, ſomewhat diſpoſed me to laughter. The ſeverity of the cold made me think the time long until we arrived at *Modane*, fourteen or fifteen miles from *Lanebourg*. There the carriage was put together, and we returned to our accuſtomed method of travelling. But it had been better to have continued our ſledge a mile

mile or two beyond *St. André*, the next place to *Modane;* for our wheels often plunged ſo deep in ſnow, that our progreſs was ſlow, and laborious. The valley now began to expand, and from thence the road was totally unobſtructed. I was delighted once again to behold the ſmiling face of nature.

THE rich vallies enlarging and narrowing themſelves by turns, and the ſnow-topped mountains ſucceſſively advancing and retreating, afforded a bold, and pleaſing contraſt. Here and there induſtry had diſcovered towards the ſummit a ſpot capable of cultivation, and turned it to profit. In the vallies of the *Piedmonteſe* Alps I obſerved a mode of trimming their vineyards, quite new to me. Poles of an equal length are ſtuck in the earth, at a little diſtance from each other, and on their tops are placed others tranſverſely. The vines wreath round the poles above and below, ſo that the whole plantation is a labyrinth of bowers. Among the Alps of *Savoy* the vines

vines creep along the ground, as in *France;* in *Italy* they intwine the trees.

FEW of the towns between *Turin* and *Geneva* deſerve attention, being for the moſt part ill-built, and filthy. I do not even except *Chambery*, which is far the moſt conſiderable. They are all ſituated in vallies, for by reaſon of the perpendicular and craggy aſcent of the *Alps*, they could not, like thoſe of the *Apennines*, be placed upon the heights.

THE peaſants of the *Alps* are induſtrious, and, unlike the *Italians*, can reſiſt an opportunity of ſtealing. Their out-door appearance I *muſt* deſcribe to you. Long, lank locks hang over their ſhoulders; on the head is either a night-cap, or a cocked hat, commonly flapped behind, but ſometimes on every ſide; a muff protects their hands from the cold; long gaters reach half way up their thighs; wooden ſhoes are the covering of the feet. The *payſannes* are in general remarkably fair, with very little color in their faces. They have good eyes,

good

good teeth, and are commonly well proportioned. But all is marred by the enormous *goitres*, or large excreſcences under the neck. I have ſeen ſome with a cluſter of them. The received opinion attributes this deformity to the drinking of ſnow-water; but, if ſo, how is it that the women are ſo much more ſubject to them than the men? I ſhall not enter into the inquiry, but only obſerve that I ſaw no *goitres* until I came into the neighborhood of the *Alps*, and that in proportion as I drew nearer to theſe mountains, the number increaſed.

During the night that we paſſed at *Frangy*, fifteen miles from *Geneva*, ſo great was the fall of ſnow, that we were obliged to ſtay there half of the next day. Three waggons went off in the morning; we delayed that they might make a road for us. All the vehicles of the country are narrow, mine was too wide to purſue the ſame track, ſo that the horſes were obliged to drag it through mountains of ſnow. We often

ſtuck

ſtuck, and were not without apprehenſions of remaining in the road the whole night. We met with the ſame difficulties in going from *Geneva* to this place, but we cannot poſſibly proceed further. The *diligence* from *Berne* has not been able to paſs theſe eight days. I ought to be thankful that I am in a town of plenty, and agreeable ſociety. The inhabitants inform me that they have frequently had as ſevere, but never ſo long a winter. In the villages near Mount *Jura*, the poor were for ſome time ſhut within their houſes by the maſſes of ſnow. Some humane gentlemen of *Lauſanne* have, by employing a hundred people for ſeveral days, forced the way, and ſent them five waggon-loads of bread. Thus am I diſappointed in the hopes of ſeeing this romantic country. I can only diſcover the outlines, which are boldly deſigned.

I am now ſitting by the ſide of a great fire. Little did I think of falling upon

winter in the month of April. As ſoon as the highway is open, I depart, eager to convince you in perſon with what ſincerity I am,

Your affectionate friend,

B. HOBHOUSE.

FINIS.

B

ERRATA.

Page 14, l. 4, for "axaggerated," *read* exaggerated. Page 14, l. 14, for "of a merchant," *read* of a *Pariſian* merchant. Page 16, l. 6, *eraſe* comma at "diveſts," and place it at world. Page 32, l. 14, for "*Madona*," read *Madonna*. Page 35, l. 6 of the note, for "friſe," *read* frize. Page 36, l. 7, for "Freemam," *read* Freeman. Page 41, l. 9, for "poſtillion," *read* poſtilion; p. 42, l. 11, *ditto*; p. 43, l. 2, *ditto*. Page 56, l. 6, for "monumnts," *read* monuments. Page 65, l. 15, for "at requeſt," *read* at the requeſt. Page 71, l. 19, for "began," *read* begun. Page 74, l. 15, for "preceeding," *read* preceding. Page 99, for "Hond. Sir," *read* Dear Brother. Page 122, l. 10, for "corn," *read* wheat. Page 164, l. 8, for "woman," *read* women. Page 171, l. 8, for "*Carthagians*," read *Carthaginians*. Page 174, l. 18, *eraſe* the word "not." Page 199, l. 17, for "furniſh an entrance to," *read* have an open communication with. Page 204, l. 13, for "*Montanana*," read *Montanara*. Page 205, l. 6, for "*nune*," read *nunc*. Page 210, l. 23, for "made by *Semneſerteus*," *read* by order of *Semneſerteus*. Page 219, l. 16, for "ſee him," *read* ſee the monſter. Page 239, l. 18, for "opou," *read* upon. Page 247, l. 5, for "*buonam anos*," read *buona manos*. Page 260, l. 4, for "abreviation," *read* abbreviation.

BL